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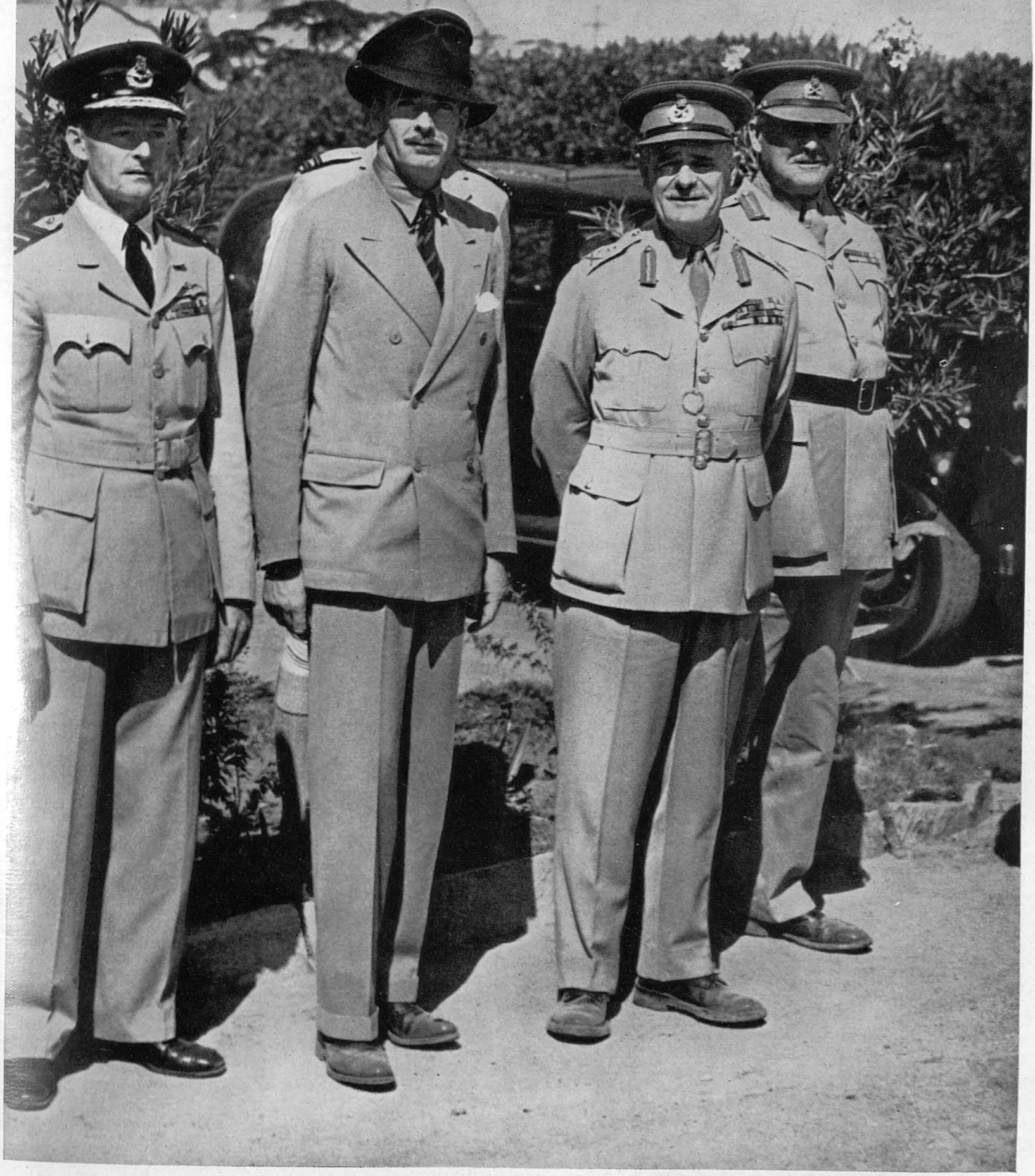
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 16, 1940



MR. EDEN IN THE NEAR EAST

The War Minister during his visit to Egypt

Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary for War, has just returned from a four-weeks tour of the Middle East where he has been visiting all the British and Allied units operating in Egypt, Palestine, the Sudan, and neighbouring territories. During the course of his tour Mr. Eden had talks with General Smuts, Premier of South Africa, King Farouk of Egypt, the Emir Abdullah of Transjordania, Haile Selassie, ex-Emperor of Abyssinia, and other important Leaders of the Middle East. It is understood that he has presented to the War Cabinet a report on the situation as it presented itself to him. In this picture the War Secretary is seen in Egypt, with General Sir Archibald Wavell, C.-in-C. the Middle East (on Mr. Eden's immediate left); Lieut.-General Sir H. Maitland Wilson, C.-in-C. Egypt, and Air Vice-Marshal R. M. Drummond, during a visit to a Squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force

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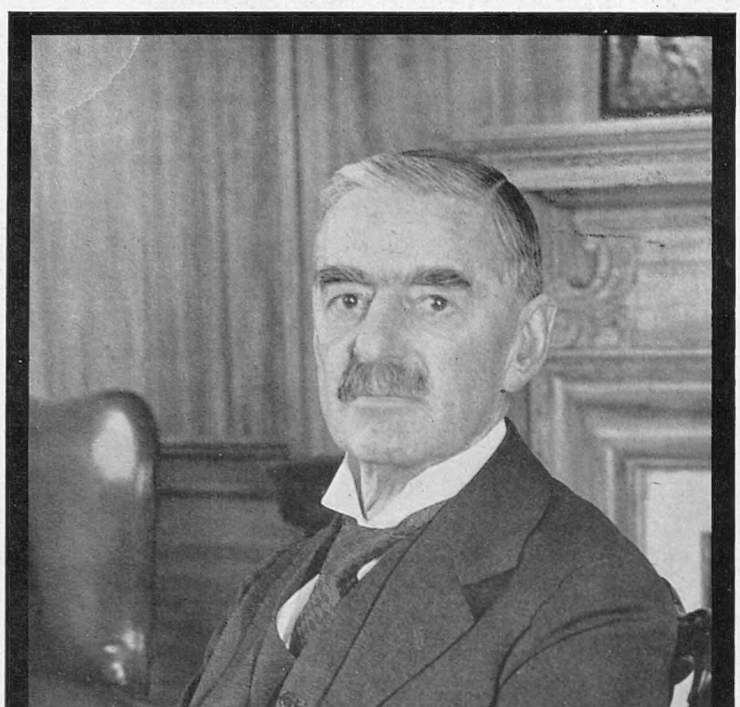
A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 63

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

AIR WARFARE — COMPARATIVE LOSSES.—The comprehensive statistics of air losses since the *blitzkrieg* on England began, recently published by the Air Ministry, cannot fail to put heart into any doubting Thomases who may linger in our midst. That the figures given are 100 per cent. accurate we do not believe to be possible. But we know our methods (Watson) and the margin of error may not improbably be in the Germans' favour. I should bank on those figures being within 10 per cent. of strict accuracy. If so, they tell of an undreamed-of Nazi defeat, a smashing and decisive victory in the world's history. Six thousand trained Nazi airmen have been lost to Germany in the brief period of intensified air warfare. Well (says doubting Thomas), what is 6,000 from a population of 87,000,000? The answer lies, not in assessing the proportion of those millions from which airmen can be drawn (which is, of course, a tiny proportion), but in assessing the number of Nazis who had been selected for training or were already trained in the late summer. Put that figure as high as you please, and still you must conclude that the Nazi Air Force has been decimated and that it cannot ever catch up again with its losses, though the rate of waste fall enormously this winter. For even Nazi airmen need careful and lengthy training before they can reach England to broadcast indiscriminate bombs with more danger to Britain than to the Reich. Our victory implies the loss of fourteen Nazi airmen to every one of our own. Beside this figure, the loss to the Nazis in aeroplanes or in the millions sterling which those planes cost to build, seems unimportant. Yet those figures also are impressive. Whatever may come (and we know what will come must be bitter and terrible and costly to us), we know in our hearts that the back of the air *blitzkrieg* is broken and that Göring has failed completely in his hopes and boasts. Britain can never be brought to her knees by land bombardment from the air, whether of military objectives or of civilians. Indeed, we believe that Hitler has once more switched his hopes over to the submarine and sea raider and to the possibilities of starving us out by attacking our trade routes by air and by sea. He has had a couple of profitable weeks and I feel it in my bones that this hope and his dreams of success in the Middle East and Mediterranean have now obliterated his hopes and bitter disappointments of victory from the air.

MENE, TEKEL. — On a clear day with a blue sky and fleecy clouds, nothing is prettier than to watch an air battle charted in spirals of white vapour. And if you can forget what it *means*, the pretty thing is all the pleasanter to watch if the fight is taking place a few miles away and not directly over your head. I watched one from the downs as it was fought over a "well-known naval base." There were nine little fishes in a pool of blue, with a white tail behind ever lengthening and broadening, showing the progress of each. Suddenly a little fish begins, very, very slowly, to dive on the nine vertically. The single vertical white line slowly approaches the nine horizontal lines and at last bisects them. Then the Euclid pattern changes to a sum in algebra. There are plus signs and O's and A's and C's; huge circles and little oblongs, criss-crossed with double lines like a crossed cheque. It is far more "exciting" than sky writing for advertisement, but some who watch, remember suddenly that young men are giving their lives to make those patterns and to finish the writing in the sky. *Mene, Mene, tekel, upharsin.* The message is read by Hitler and Göring also, and God send that one day they will understand its meaning.

MORE SENSE ABOUT THE HOME GUARD.—The "fresh air" breathed by Sir George Schuster on the fuddled thinking that surrounds Home Guard training and organisation, was followed by further ventilation in a recent letter in *The Times* by Major Woollcombe of Devonshire. Major Woollcombe spoke for a hundred distracted platoon commanders in rural areas and crossed the t's of Sir George's broad exposition. He made these sound, even essential, points. If in future the Home Guard—contrary to the terms of its original charter, which is firmly upheld by rural volunteers—is now to be asked to take over duties requiring trained knowledge of movement and tactics as opposed to local village defence and observation, the force should be grouped in two categories:—(a) the younger and fitter men with no family responsibilities and a fair chance of receiving time concessions from their employers for continuous training purposes and (b) the older and less fit, and those having duties in the protection of their lonely homesteads. The latter can still be trained to shoot, to patrol, to "hold-up" and to observe; the former can more successfully be given the intensive training required of men who will co-operate with regular troops; discipline, movement, fire control, use of modern weapons, use of ground, map reading and so on. Class (a) should be paid by the Government on condition of their putting in a number of hours training per week under qualified instructors. Class (b) would continue, under their old leaders, the patrols and the training available to full-time employees in scattered rural areas. It is becoming abundantly clear that the orgy of paper and returns is turning the platoon commander, who is often himself a full-time civilian worker, into a full-time military Adjutant or Quartermaster. It is utterly impossible for him, even if he has the knowledge, to train "shock troops" in addition to his accepted duties and to keep pace with the spate of paper which emanates from the cohorts of Olympians at the head of the movement.



THE DEATH OF MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9: In July last Mr. Chamberlain was operated on by Lord Horder; although it was thought that he was thereafter on the road to recovery, his convalescence was protracted. Towards the end of last week it was reported that he was seriously ill, and on Saturday at 5.30 in the evening he died at Highfield Park, near Basingstoke, at the age of seventy-one. Mr. Chamberlain became Premier in 1937, which high office he held until his resignation in May of this year—three of the most anxious years in modern British history. Undoubtedly he will be remembered for his part in the Munich Pact. When he returned and promised "Peace in Our Time" he was England's hero: a few months later and he was being denounced as the man Hitler hoodwinked. History alone can give the final verdict and apportion the praise or blame for his efforts to secure this woefully unprepared nation a breathing space in which to re-arm

MORE GRIM THAN GAY.—Mr. Churchill's periodical reviews of the war situation are anxiously awaited and closely studied by puzzled people all the world over, whether democratic and free or totalitarian and enslaved. As the war proceeds, it is clear that Mr. Churchill is becoming more grim than gay. That marches with my personal desires. Long since (thank God!) he gave up being provocative and boasting—and now after reviewing the immensity of the task before us, and setting out impartially the reverses and losses sustained and the achievements attained and hoped for, he promises no more than that Britain will do her best in circumstances of appalling gravity. It is better so. It is better to talk of our hopes in 1944 than to hoodwink this people, or allay the anxieties of neutral peoples not yet drawn in, by vague hopes of brilliant or early successes or foolish hints that the Nazis or the Fascists have begun to crack. Let him and us leave those wishful thinkings to American correspondents and political "observers" in Europe. While Mr. Churchill remains at the head of affairs, let us trust him implicitly. No man is superman enough for the tasks that lie ahead. In him, I believe, we have the nearest approach to practical genius that we can compass. His experience is so vast, his achievements in many fields so signal. His courage none disputes, and all admit that he has shed most of the faults for which he has been often criticised, and they were (it is clear) faults of youth. He is that rare outcrop of humanity, a Sheridan in mail, not tinsel. He is not a young man now, though he retains the energy and courage and determination of a man in his prime. So long as his health can stand the strain of work and anxiety imposed on him, he is the right man in the right place. His present grimness is not solely a proof of the fearful size of the task before us. His political experience in part dictates his new mood in his public speeches. There must be no relaxing of our effort to prove to those nations whose cause we are trying to save that it will be nip and tuck with that cause until the contributions made to the common cause by all free peoples, whether those contributions be moral support, financial aid or arms and men and material, reach 100 per cent. Freedom is not out of the wood. It has not yet reached the darkest centre.

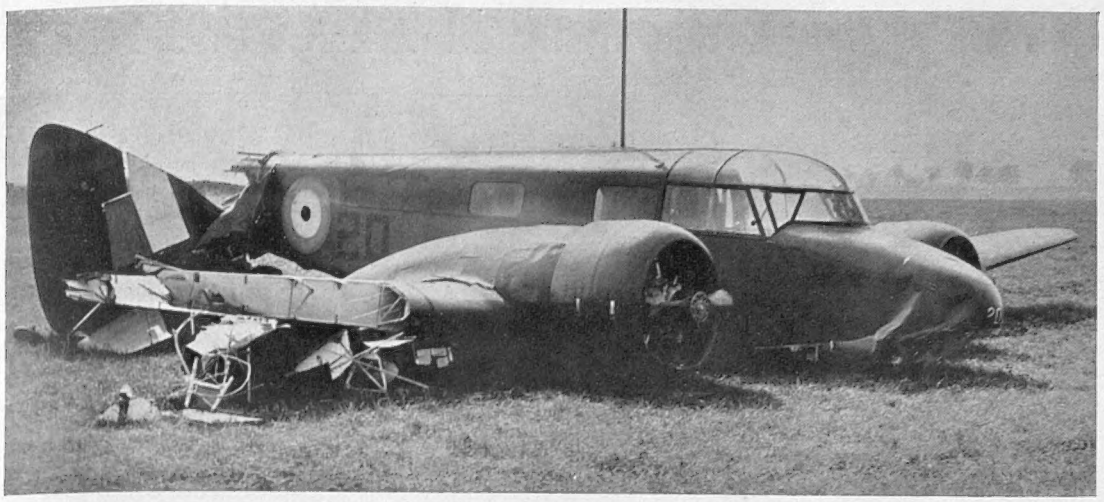
TO READERS OF "THE SPHERE"

Your retail newsagent is working under the greatest difficulties in times like the present. Owing to Government restrictions he is no longer allowed to return unsold copies of THE SPHERE *to us.*

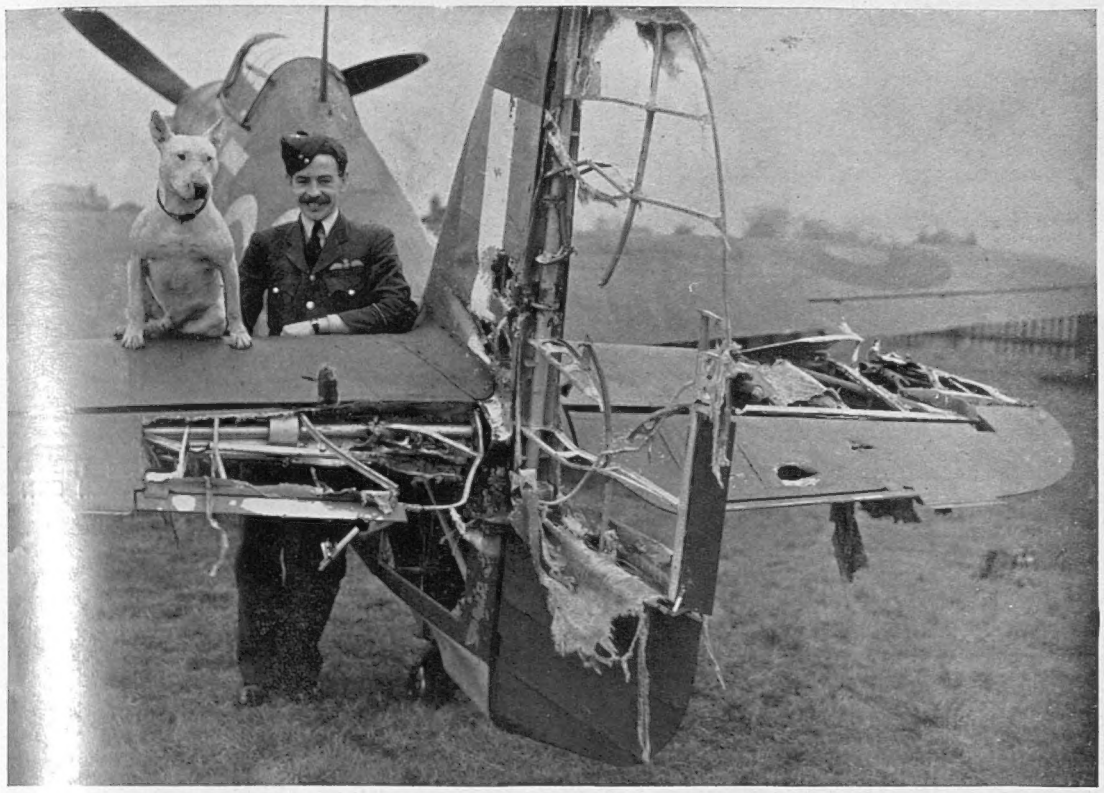
May we therefore ask you to accept your copy of THE SPHERE *if previously ordered from your retailer even if it should reach you a few days late through circumstances over which neither he nor ourselves have control.*

THE AMERICAN WAR.—The American Civil War is over—the other war remains to engross the interest of a still high percentage of Americans. More than a year ago, Gram Swing and other broadcasters began to tell us of the tremendous interest and importance of this Presidential election (now at last happily over). We lent a polite ear; but with our minds full of problems which seemed to us of even more urgent importance, we could not at that time somehow compass that boiling-point of thrill in that far distant and often recurrent domestic upheaval in the States. In the twelve months which must run before the new President was chosen, we felt that great events might occur of an importance transcending the party-chessboard strategy of Democrat and Republican, of New Dealers and last ditchers and hedgers. And so we disappointed some of our American friends by our hints that they could not see the dark wood for the election trees; and perhaps they thought us lacking in sympathy and political sense. Perhaps we have all had too much to think about. We cannot charge our American friends with any lack of sympathy in *our* preoccupations. But we were not wrong; those great events did occur in the twelve-months. Our preoccupations became essentially and vitally *theirs*, as the aggression of the Nazis and their accomplices brought the war nearer and nearer to the door of America. And to-day, with the great election fever receding from its apex, Americans of every shade of opinion will more and more clearly see the size and shape of the wood now that individual trees have been cleared out. The great election has broken records and made history. President Roosevelt is there for a third established term. There may be world peace before another President is balloted for. For, a vital period the best man for the common cause of the English-speaking democracies will be at the helm in the States. Meanwhile . . . Britain stands as the barrier between Hitler and the free institutions of all democratic peoples. For a month or two she stood utterly alone, and all the world, America included, waited for her downfall. She stood firm, and now day by day friends and allies rally to her side.

THE OLD STAGER



A BRITISH AIRCRAFT FLOWN WITH ONLY HALF A WING! An Oxford Trainer safely landed by a Sergeant-Pilot of the R.A.F. after a collision in mid-air with a pupil's aeroplane at 900 ft.—a wonderful tribute to the high safety factor built into all British aeroplanes



A H ICANE FIGHTER WHICH WAS FLOWN HOME FOR 36 MILES WITH ITS RUDDER PRACTICALLY DESTROYED AND TAIL PLANE DAMAGED: With the pilot who carried out this superb feat, after his successful landing

The Impossible Achieved!

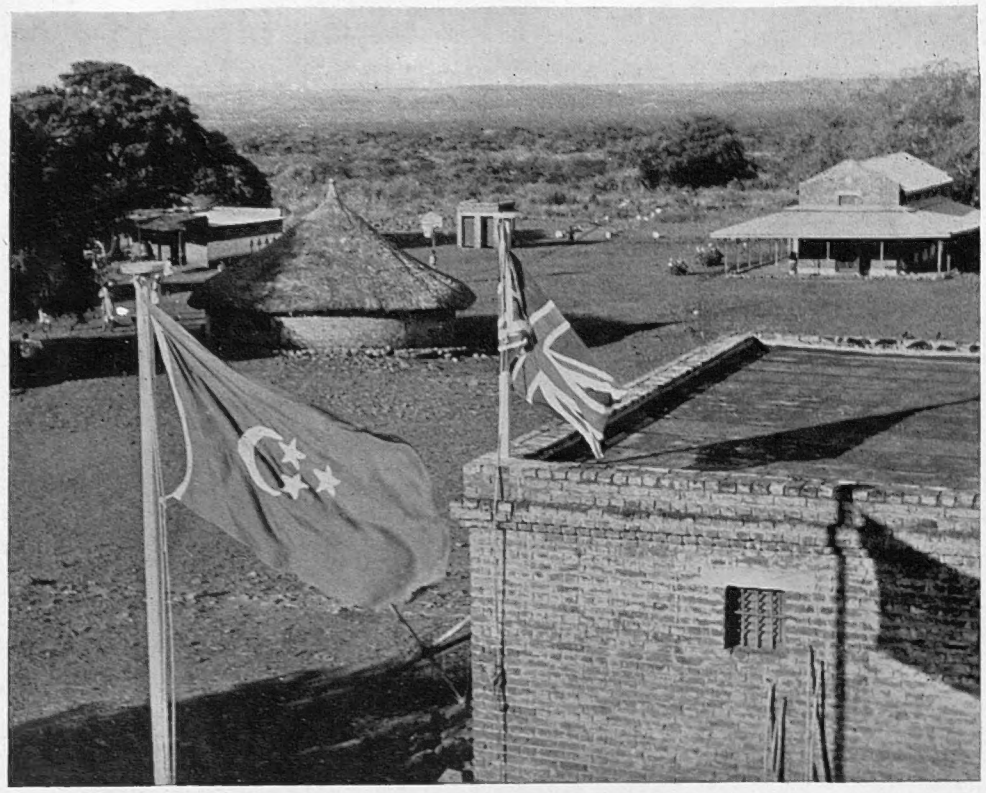
Two "Unflyable" Aircraft Brought Safely Home by the R.A.F.

THE SERGEANT WHO BROUGHT THE BADLY DAMAGED TRAINER AIRCRAFT SAFELY HOME—A feat for which he has been awarded the Air Force Medal

Many tributes have recently been paid to the high factors of safety built into British aircraft: here are two pictures which forcibly illustrate this. The upper picture shows one of the Oxford trainers now employed by the R.A.F. It was taking part in a formation flying exercise when it collided with another aircraft; the starboard wing was severed just beyond the engine. Sergeant-Pilot E. F. Sly, a twenty-three-years-old flying instructor, succeeded in flying this badly damaged aircraft for two miles to force-land it in a field with the undercarriage retracted. For his skill and courage he has been awarded the A.F.M.

The lower picture shows a Hurricane which took part in a recent air engagement. During the course of this the rudder was almost shot away and the tail plane was also severely damaged. Nevertheless—and although experts would declare it "unflyable"—the pilot was able to bring it back to his station 36 miles away and successfully land it!

NIGHT FLYERS OF THE R.A.F.—SOME OF THE MEN WHO ARE DEFENDING LONDON DURING THE NIGHT ATTACKS ON THE CAPITAL: It is now generally known that, at night, a number of R.A.F. planes habitually take the air in an effort to combat the German night bombers. The task of the raiders is becoming more and more difficult as a result of this, and other, defensive measures. Here are some of the R.A.F. men engaged on this difficult and dangerous task going out to their aircraft during a recent night raid on London



THE FLAG FLIES OVER GALLABAT AGAIN

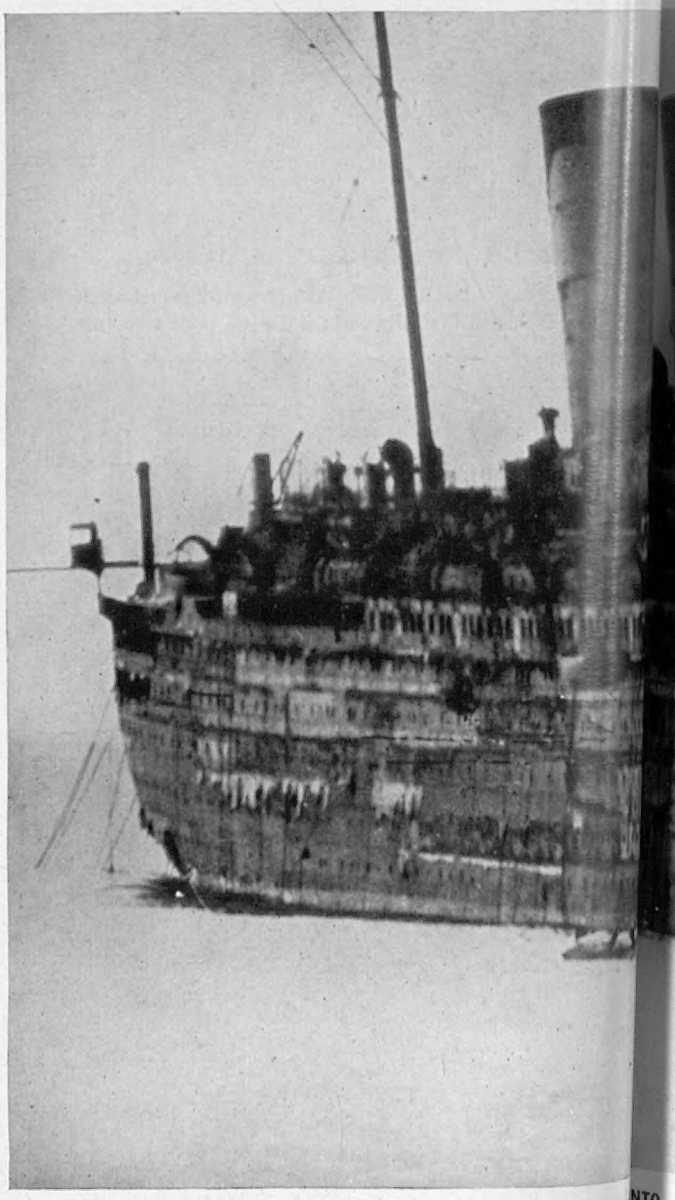
This fortress is some 85 miles to the north-west of Lake Tsana, source of the Blue Nile, on the Abyssinian border. It had been occupied by Italian forces earlier in the war; then, a few days ago, came the news that it had been recaptured by a British column in a surprise attack lasting only 45 mins. The Italians suffered many casualties and a number of prisoners, including seventeen deserters, were taken. The attack was carried out by British and Indian troops, supported by the R.A.F., tanks, armoured cars, and artillery. The enemy has counter-attacked, but so far without success

THE DEFENDERS OF WAJIR, A DESERT FORTRESS ON THE KENYA FRONTIER: One of the isolated points in East Africa which is being held against the Italian forces operating in this area

BRITISH TROOPS IN THE TRENCHES DEFENDING THE FORT AT WAJIR: The Fort of Wajir lies on the northern frontier of Kenya, where Italian forces are trying to effect an entry into British territory. It is an isolated, but strategic point; and it bars one of the routes into the colony. Amongst the troops employed in its defence are soldiers of the Gold Coast Infantry, a fine native body from the West Coast of Africa. Men from these parts have already demonstrated their fighting qualities at other points along the Abyssinian-Kenya borders

The BOMBING and SINKIN

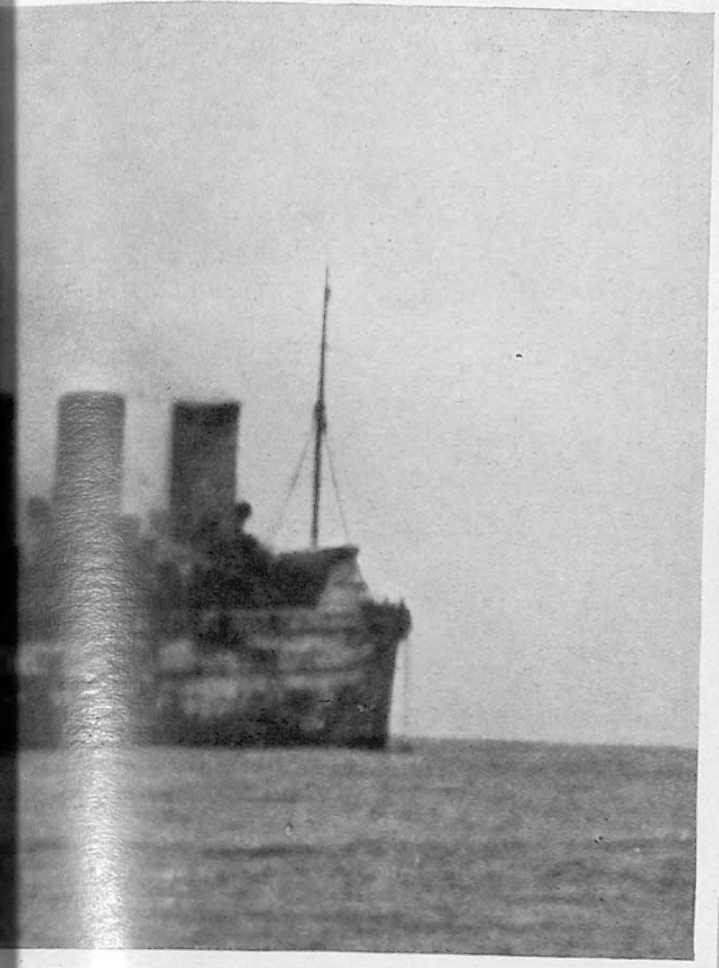
AFTER THE AERIAL ATTACK BY ENEMY AIRCRAFT: THE 42,000-
AFTER SHE HAD BEEN BOMBED I



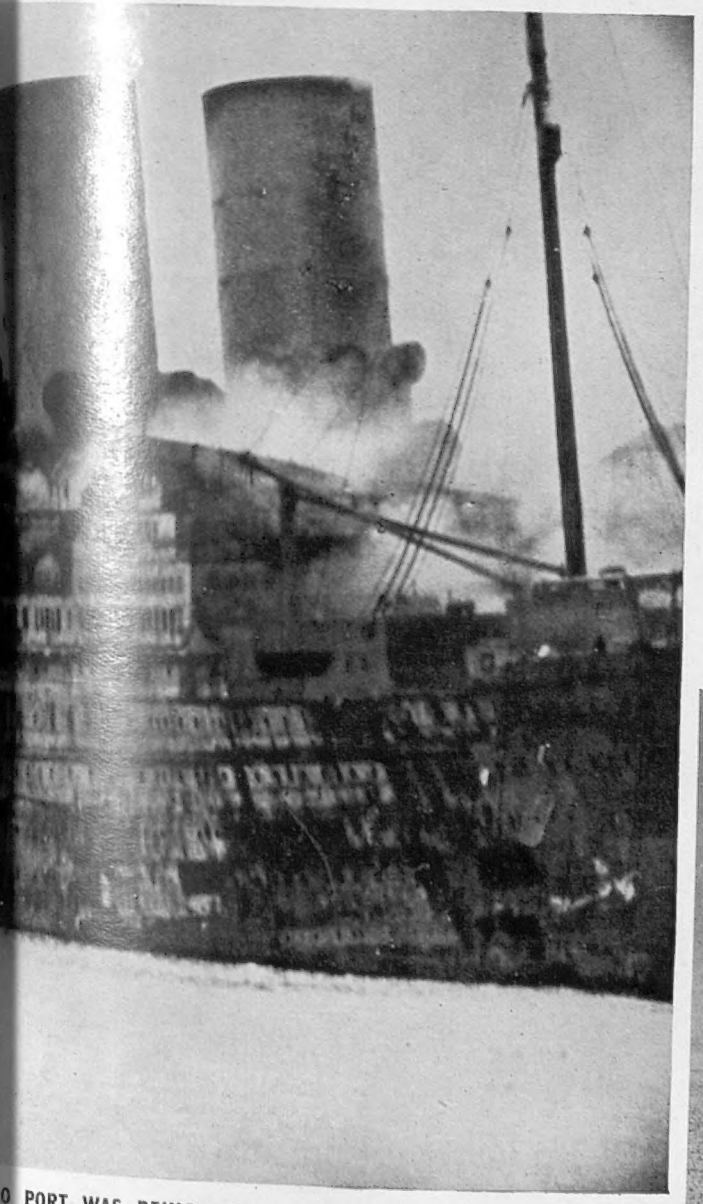
THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" BLAZING AS AN ATTEMPT TO T

This huge liner, flagship of the C.P.R. fleet, was attacked by enemy bo whilst 150 miles off the Irish coast. The attack began by aeroplanes diving out of the morning sun: after the ship's gun had been put out of action by machine-gun fire, the bombers swept over the vessel and dropped high-explosive bombs—one of which scored a direct hit. Incendiary bombs were then dropped and the ship was soon ablaze. Passengers and

of the "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"



EMPRESS [illegible] BRITAIN" BURNING 150 MILES OFF THE IRISH COAST MACHINE-G[illegible]ED BY THE GERMANS

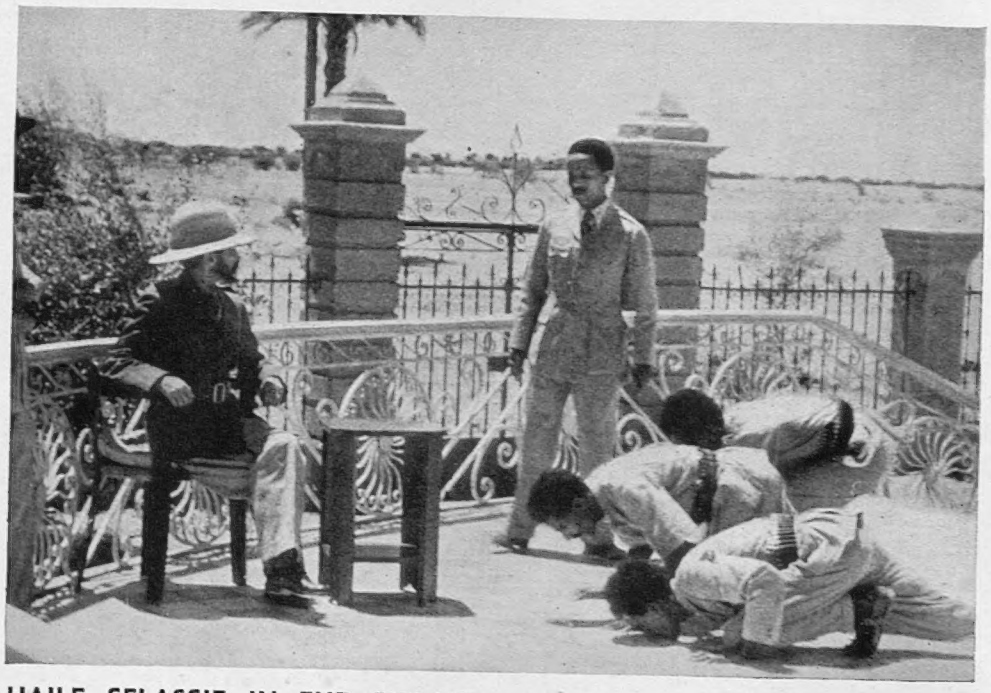


O PORT WAS BEING MADE. LATER SHE BLEW UP AND SANK

ere forced to take to the boats—despite that some of the latter were t alight; some 600 out of the 643 people aboard were saved. An attempt as then made to tow the 42,000-ton liner into port, but she blew up nd sank. These pictures were taken during her last moments. Her ommander, Captain Sapsworth, is the man who brought the *Empress Britain* back with the King and Queen aboard after their tour of Canada

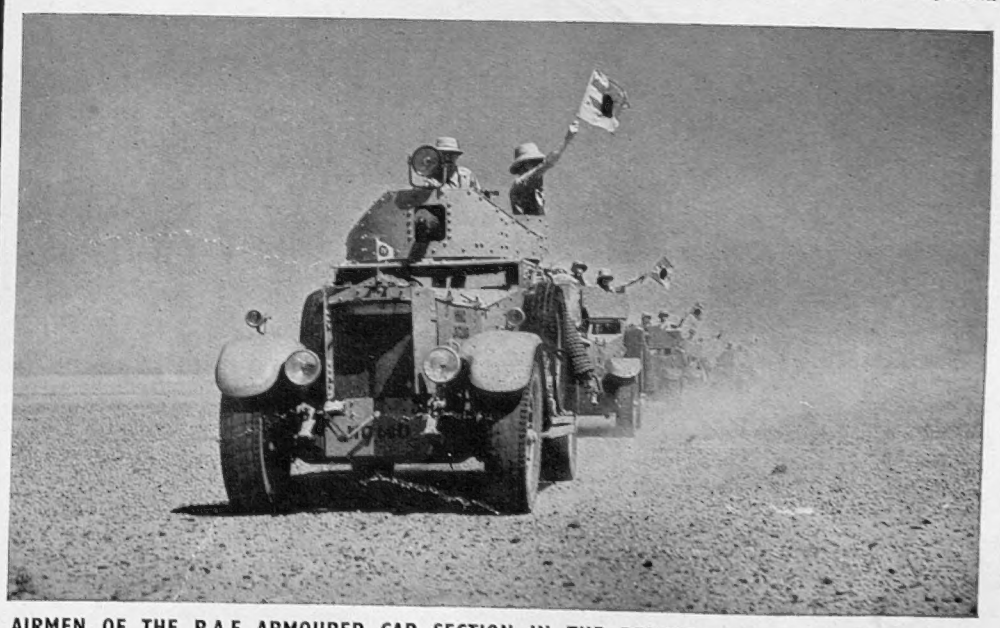
AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

This picture has just reached England from Italian waters; it shows one of our aircraft-carriers operating in that region. A few days ago it was announced that aircraft from the *Ark Royal* had successfully bombed Sardinia—still another stronghold to feel the Navy's weight! In return, Italian bombers attempted to attack *Ark Royal*: "There was no damage or casualties," laconically declared the Admiralty. It would seem that no part of Italy is now safe from the British Navy and Air Force, despite Mussolini's grandiloquent statements about *His* Sea!



HAILE SELASSIE IN THE SUDAN

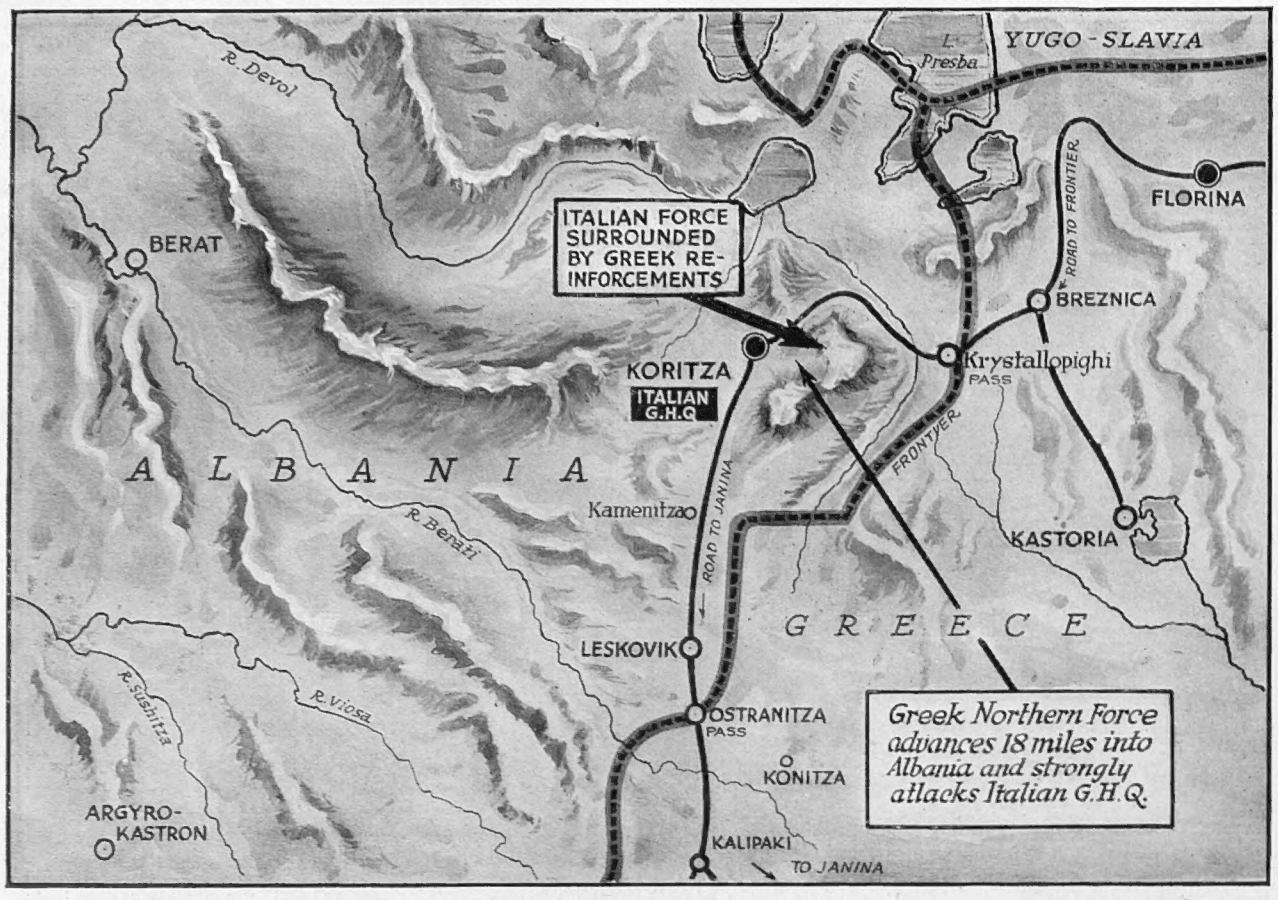
The ex-Emperor of Abyssinia has now been in the Sudan for some little time, and here Abyssinian Chiefs have recently come to affirm their loyalty to him. The ex-Emperor has issued leaflets for distribution by air, giving his latest instructions to the already disaffected tribesmen of the interior. In this picture the Emperor is seen receiving homage from some of his native chiefs on their arrival at his headquarters in the Sudan after the long journey from Abyssinia



AIRMEN OF THE R.A.F. ARMOURED CAR SECTION IN THE DESERT: These airmen never fly, but they are a vital part of the R.A.F. organisation in the Middle East. In this picture the armoured column is coming to a halt near a British aerodrome out in the Egyptian desert

THE GREEK RESISTANCE IN EPIRUS

And the Air Operations Against Italian Ports which have Followed the Occupation of Crete



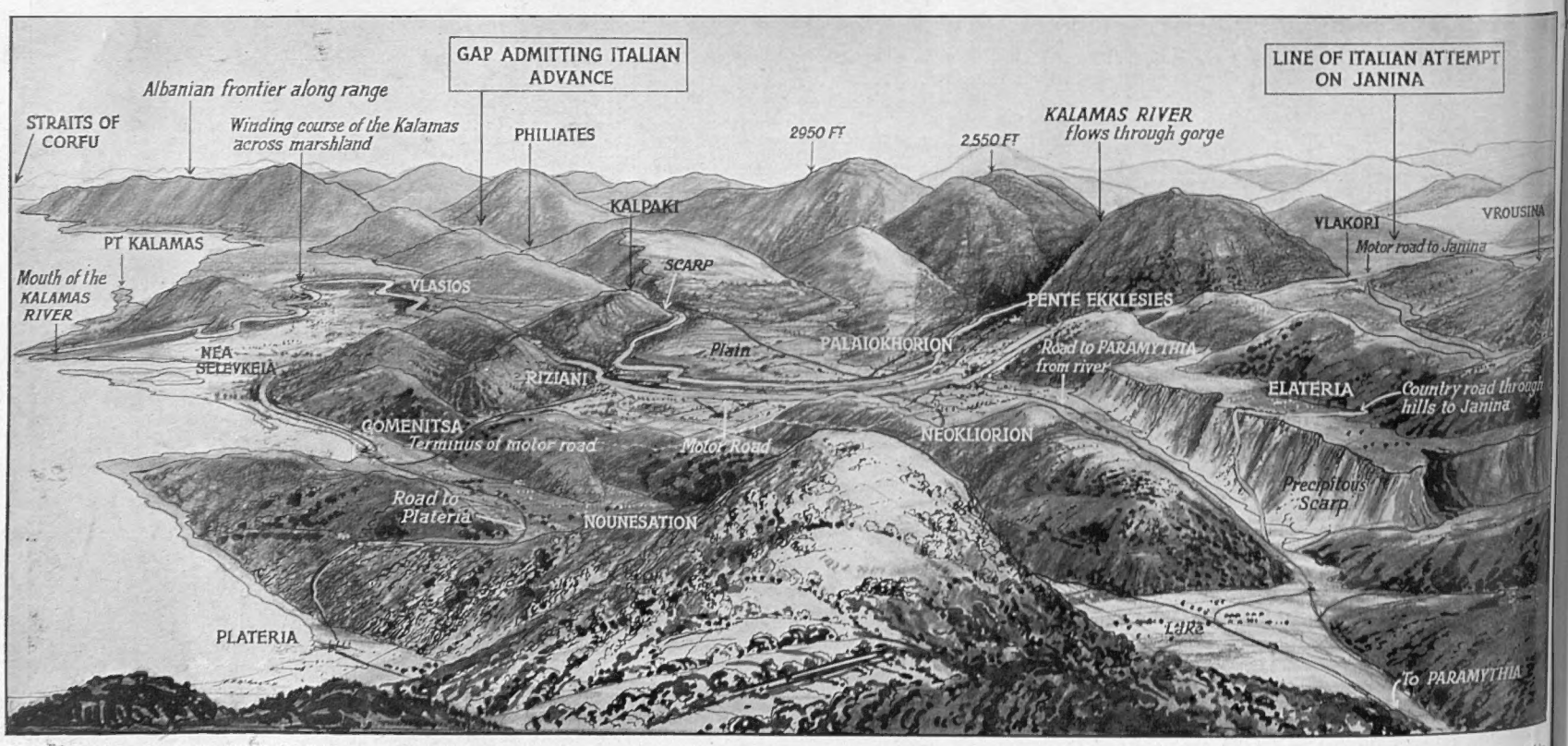
WHERE THE GREEKS HAVE DEFEATED THE ITALIANS

At the beginning of the week, reports from Greece envisaged a successful rounding-up of an Italian division including Alpini and some of the crack fighting men of the Italian Army. It appeared that they had got into a difficult position near the Greek frontier and that the increasing Greek reinforcements were completing the surrounding of the force, which had sent out messages for help. The bird's-eye view on the left shows the area in which this operation has been developing. It is in the northernmost sector of the Greek-Albanian frontier where the Greeks have crossed the border into Italian territory

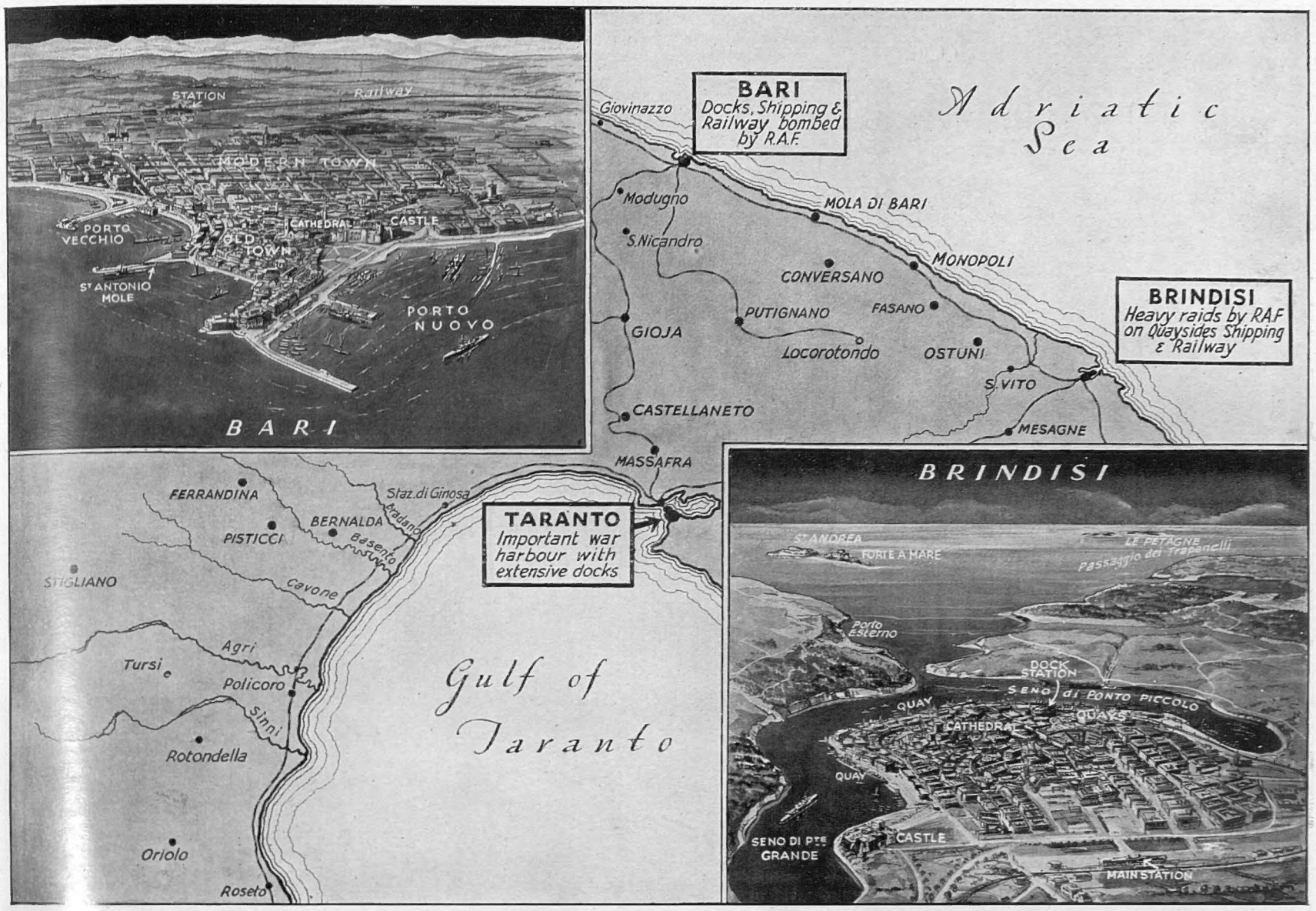
On right—

THE BOMBING OF BARI AND BRINDISI BY THE R.A.F.

Last week saw a development of the bombing activities of the R.A.F. against Italy. This occurred simultaneously with other British developments in the Near East, including the landing of a force on the island of Crete. Two important attacks on the "Heel of Italy" were carried out. Bari, a useful port on the Adriatic with a large trade by sea and rail, had its harbours, shipping and rail communications bombed. The place boasts a picturesque Norman castle and a fine eleventh-century cathedral. Brindisi, some sixty-odd miles to the south-east, has also been effectively bombed. The naval dockyard, a destroyer, submarine slips, the main railway junction and railway sidings were attacked. Many bombs were seen to burst in the target area (indicated by the white arrow in the bird's-eye view on opposite page) and a fire was started between the naval dockyard and the railway terminus, which continued to burn steadily

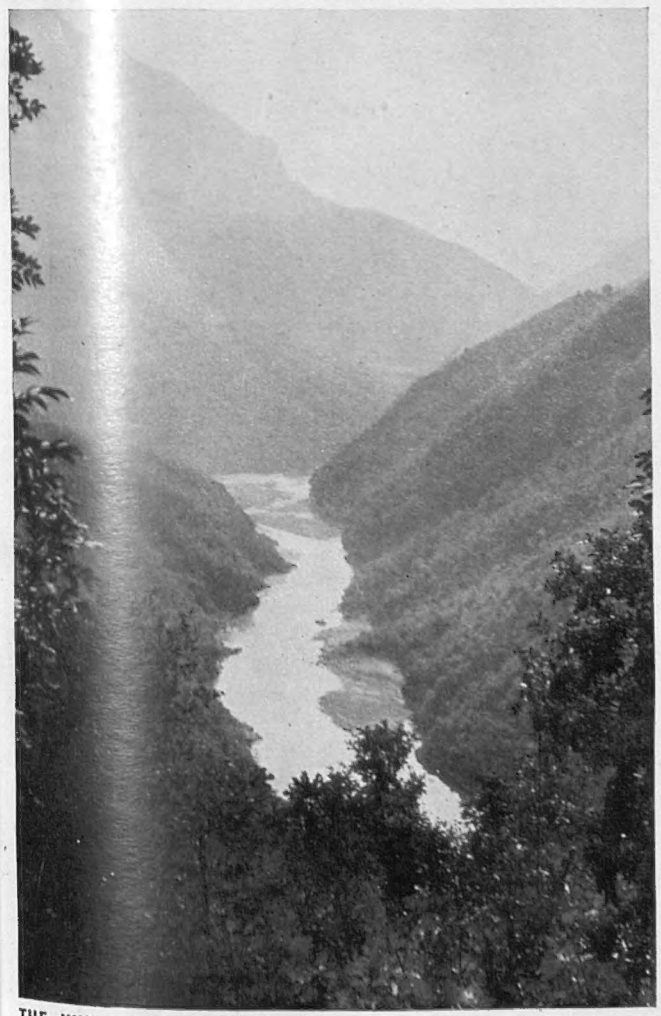


BACK ACROSS THE KALAMAS RIVER: At the opening of the week it was reported that the Italians had retired across the Kalamas owing to the Greek resistance on their extreme left flank. The above view shows the area in which this movement has developed. It is taken looking northwards from the district south of Gomenitza where the Kalamas river flows into the Straits of Corfu. The motor road to Janina is seen crossing the view via Vlasios, Riziani, Pente Ekklesies, Vlakori to Janina. Beyond there is a gap at Philiates (a beauty spot) through which Italian troops probably made a first advance. The Kalamas is shown emerging from a deep gorge and then flowing alongside one of those rare plains among the mountains dotted with small towns and villages. A remarkable feature is the almost perpendicular Scarp, up which a country road climbs past Elateria and winds through the hills to the very important town of Janina to the East



WHERE THE R.A.F. WELLINGTON BOMBERS HAVE TURNED THE TABLES ON THE ITALIANS

The Italia Air Force has not had the easy task which it may have envisaged when Italy so rudently invaded Greece. The Greeks themselves have used their air force wit efficiency at various points, and the R.A.F. have at the same tir raided important points from which assistance to the Italian fo s operating on the Epirus front would be forthcoming. Both Bari d Brindisi are important centres. Brindisi is better known than Bar reason of its passenger service to Alexandria, but Bari is a big commercial and shipping centre. The key map also shows the position of Taranto, which has a big natural harbour and is one of the bases of the Italian Navy



THE KIND OF TERRAIN IN WHICH THE ITALIANS HAVE ELECTED TO FIGHT A WINTER CAMPAIGN: Heavy rains and snowfalls are already reported from the Albanian-Epirus front. Any movement from a hard-surfaced road is fraught with immediate danger to motorised units. Some of the valleys are roadless but the paths are known to the defending Greeks and provide a chance of surrounding the opposing infantry

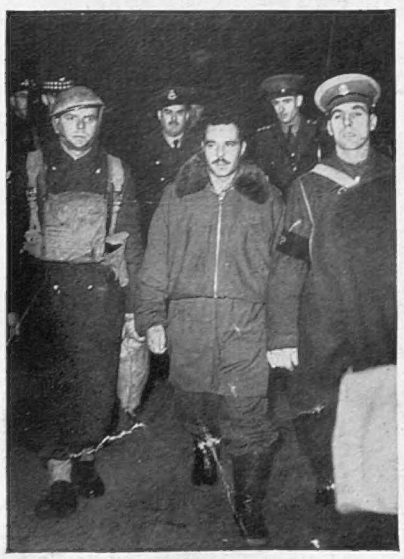
A FURTHER SURPRISE FOR ITALY: THE BOMBING OF RAIL AND OTHER COMMUNICATIONS IN NAPLES: The famous seaport and naval base of Naples last week received several visits from the R.A.F. bombers. The railway station which lies at the back of the city behind the rising ground in the forefront of the above view was heavily strafed. *Below*—Rising high above the harbour is the castle of St. Elmo and the fort of San Martino and immediately below it is the ancient castle flanking the naval harbour in which a large number of Italian submarines are seen riding

Above and on left—**THE BEER-GARDEN BOMBERS: The R.A.F. Pilots and Crews who raided Munich during Hitler's speech on Friday of last week**

These are the men who supplied the "musical accompaniment" to Herr Hitler's speech in the Beer Hall at Munich when he was present for the annual "Putsch" celebrations, to commemorate the birthday of the Nazi Party in 1923. Bombs of the heaviest calibre were dropped by the R.A.F. in a raid which was admitted by the Germans themselves to be one of the heaviest yet carried out on enemy territory. Here the R.A.F. men are seen after their safe return to their bases in England.

THE MEN WHO RAIDED MUNICH

And the Italians Who Tried to Raid Britain (and Who are Now Prisoners of War)



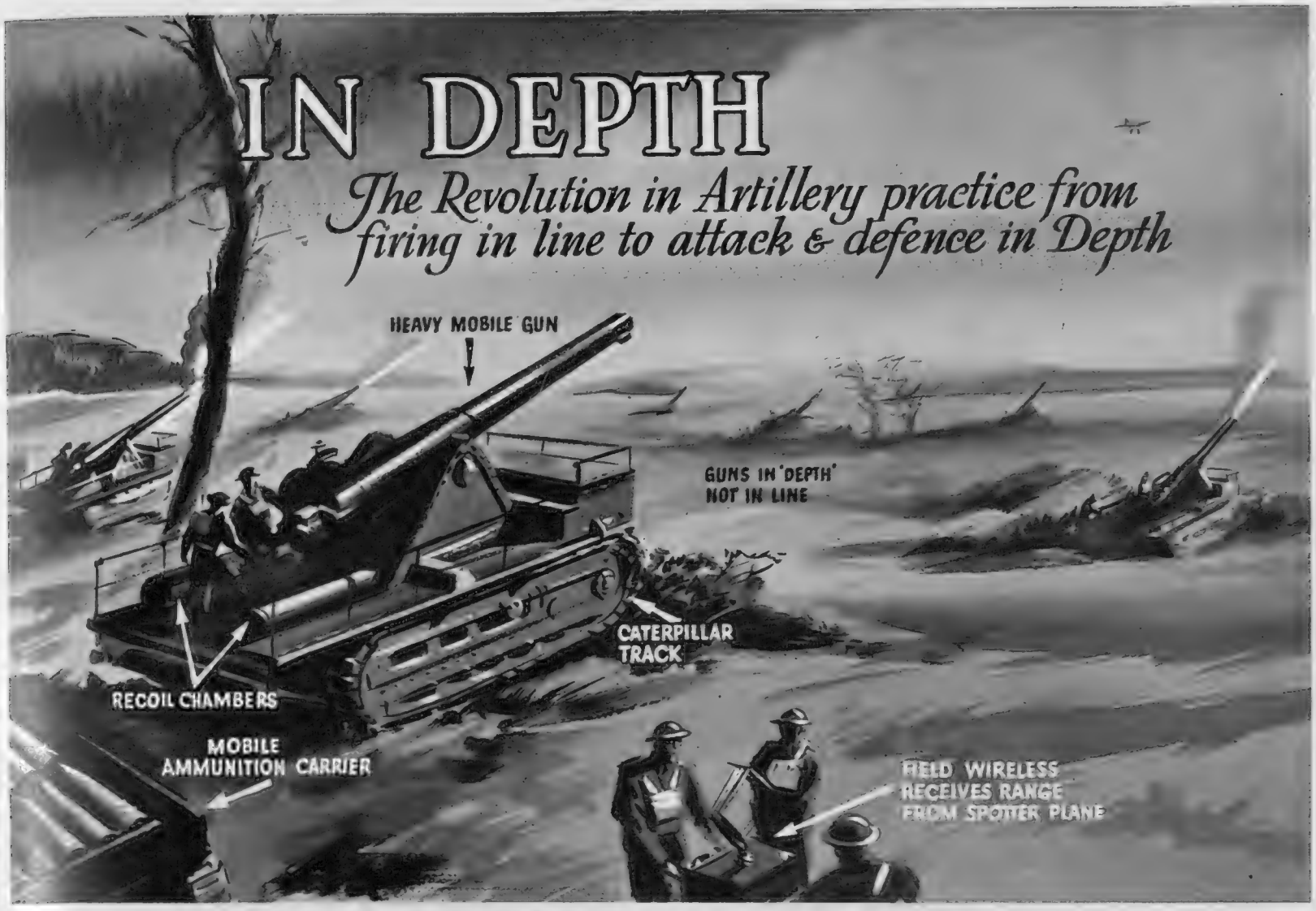
THE FIRST ITALIAN AIRMEN BROUGHT DOWN OVER ENGLAND

Some of the Italian airmen shot down over England on Monday last when thirteen out of eighteen Italian planes fell to British Hurricanes. "The Italian Air Force distinguished themselves by a successful attack on an East Coast port," said the German communiqué. The pictures show *how* the Italians distinguished themselves!

THE FIRST ITALIAN AIRCRAFT TO BE DESTROYED OVER BRITAIN: Wreckage of one of the Caproni bombers brought down near Woodbridge, in Suffolk

THE FASCIST INSIGNIA ON THE FUSELAGE OF THE CAPRONI BOMBER

These two pictures show only one out of the unlucky eighteen: it was shot down by the R.A.F. in Suffolk. Most of the Italian aircraft were sent hurtling down into the sea, but of those which were shot down over the land, five members of the Italian crews are now on their way to concentration camps—the first Italian airmen to set foot in Britain since the outbreak of the war with Italy



WHAT ARE THE ARTILLERY BRANCHES OF THE BRITISH ARMY DOING AT THE PRESENT TIME?

There are many answers to that question, but the fundamental one is that it is busily re-learning the art of war in terms of a simple but mystifying phrase—"defence in depth." To speak plainly, our Army is adapting itself at last to modern conditions of warfare by scrapping "the line" and teaching men to defend themselves in isolated groups—one behind the other "in depth." In these positions there will be mobile guns, capable of instant movement, and it would seem that the gun of to-morrow, or the day after, must be capable of moving itself forward with its muzzle pointing towards and not (as hitherto when being moved) away from the enemy

The description of the Royal Artillery which follows is a useful prelude to the discussion of the new military tactic known as "defence in depth." How is the Royal Artillery now to adapt itself? The following article enumerates the fundamental changes wrought in modern gunnery by the events of this year.

THE organisation of the British Army can be very confusing to the layman. There are regiments, garrisons, commands, divisions and finally such bodies as the Royal Artillery and the Royal Army Service Corps. Where do they come in? The answer is that as the business of warfare became more complicated it was found that ordinary soldiers—organised in regiments of foot or cavalry according to their local abilities—were unable to make a good job of both fighting and mechanics. So an increasing number of civilians were hired to carry out specialised duties, such as engineering and the care of animals.

Artillery began in the Middle Ages — the word first meaning "engines," like the giant catapults used for knocking down medieval castles—but more than 300 years after it was still the practice to employ civilians as gunners and transport drivers. It can be imagined that this did not lead to great efficiency. There was, for instance, a great scandal in the reign of Elizabeth when it was revealed that some of the Tower gunners were over ninety years of age. But artillery became gradually more important as a weapon of war, and the Army decided that it must train its own men for the specialised purpose. Accordingly the Royal Regiment of Artillery was formed in 1715, and given precedence next only to the cavalry. It was the first "specialist corps" as such, although the term did not come into general use until, in the nineteenth century, other similar bodies were formed.

The war 1914-1918 probably gave artillery its greatest chance. Motor-transport and caterpiller traction made it possible to use far bigger guns in forward positions than had ever been imagined. The artillery duels of that conflict were tremendous, and armies simply had to become troglodyte in self-defence. Dashing horse charges with perilously-swaying limbers became out-of-date in a night, but many new types of light gun were developed.

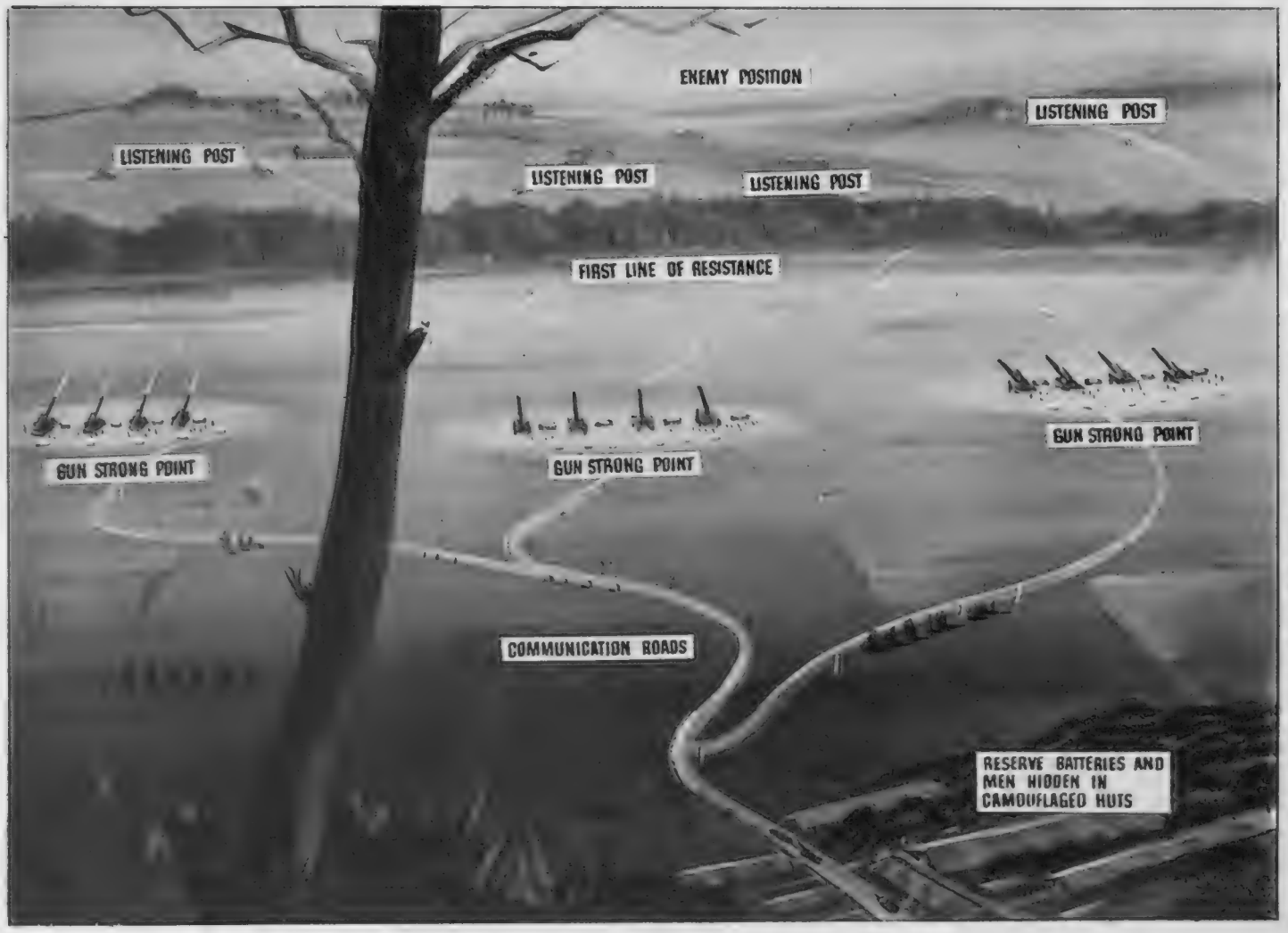
Prior to the present war, certain changes were made in the organisation of the artillery. The former "brigades" of the Corps were converted into "regiments," and batteries were given twelve guns instead of six, the object being to concentrate fire-power. The whole of the artillery was divided into two main groups, the Field Branch and the Coast Defence and Anti-Aircraft Branch. All the former Royal Horse and Royal Field batteries were attached to the Field Branch, together with medium and mountain units, the 1st Heavy Regiment, and the Survey Company and Section. In the Coast Defence and

(*Continued on page 204*)

A MEDIUM GUN WHICH CAN BE MOVED BY TRACTOR AT A FAIR PACE TO WHEREVER IT IS WANTED

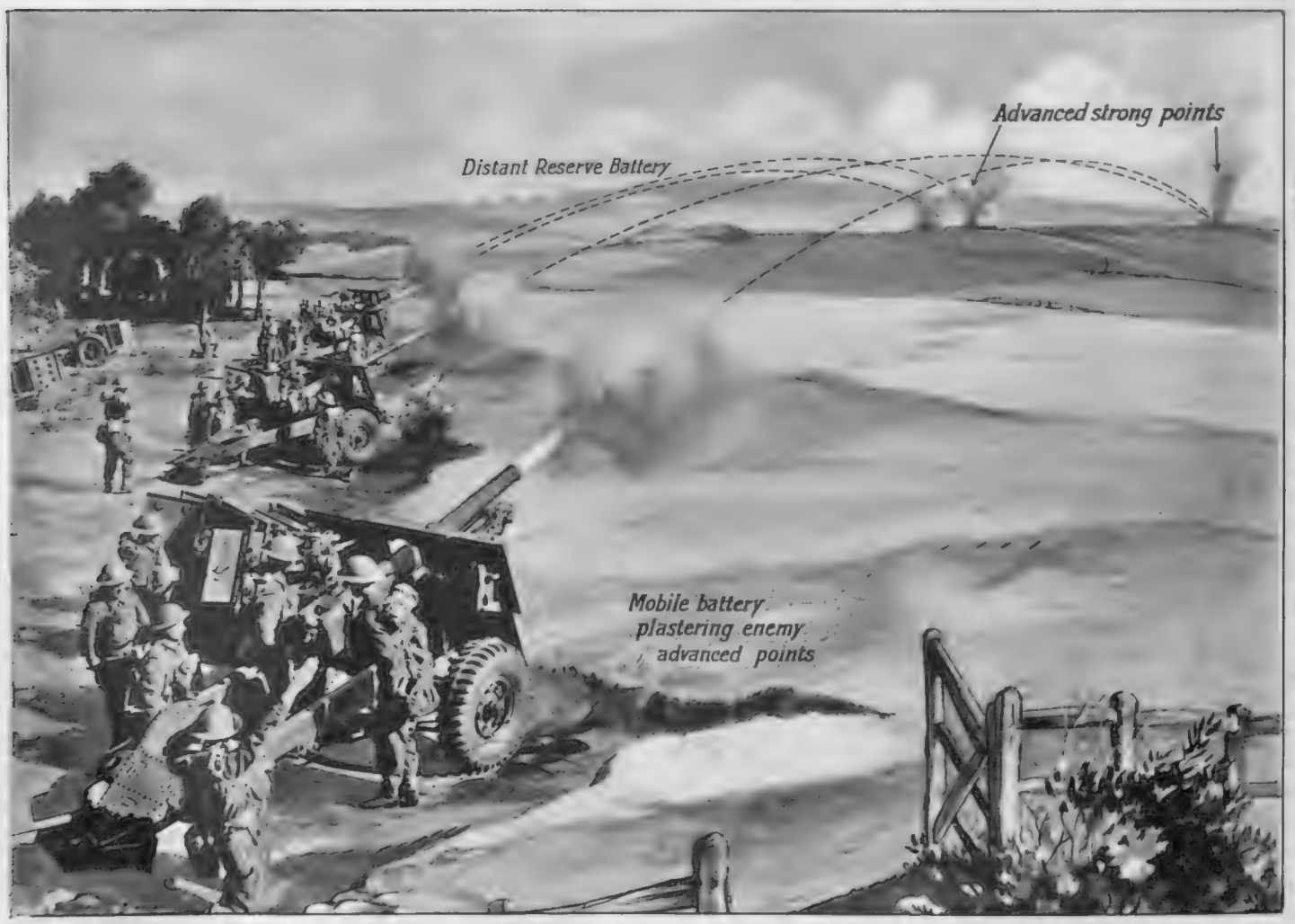
The 60-pounder field gun, a modern tractor-drawn weapon, is used for counter-battery work as part of the standard equipment of the Medium Regiments of the Royal Artillery: it supplements the work of the Field Regiments which control guns throwing shells of heavier weight

THE REVOLUTION IN ARTILLERY PRACTICE . . . . THE DEFENCE AND ATTACK "IN DEPTH" WITH MOBILE GUNS



THE NEW IDEA IN MODERN WARFARE—ARTILLERY DEFENCE IS NOW GROUPED "IN DEPTH" INSTEAD OF "IN LINE"

There is no "line" here but a group of "strong points" one behind the other. The idea was first conceived by a French local commander in 1915. He drew up a document very like our diagram, and this document was captured by the Germans and came into the hands of an able tactician, Lieut.-Colonel Von Lossberg. The Germans thereupon disposed their defences according to the new idea at the end of 1917—and were able to hold out several months longer as a direct result. The principle is that instead of presenting a brittle front to the attacker, you yield like elastic and admit him to your ranks, which promptly begin to fire at him from all directions, until he is enclosed in a veritable octopus of death. If the Allied armies in France this year had been disposed accordingly, those advancing German columns would have been annihilated. But the armies were disposed in line, rather than in depth, and once the lines were broken, the guns were rendered useless for attack



VISUALISING HOW AN ATTACK ON AN ENEMY HOLDING A POSITION "IN DEPTH" WOULD DEVELOP

In this picture our artist shows a battery of 25-pounders opening up on the enemy's advanced "strong points." They are actively blazing away at these points, but are capable of being linked up with ammunition limbers and lorries to carry the gunners to a new position in a very short space of time as and when desired by the High Command. The distant reserve battery of the enemy would at the same time be engaged by a more powerful long-distance battery situated behind the 25-pounders and covered by them

THE VERY ESSENCE

The "Gunhow" gets around with ammunition limber and is a self-contained unit. Here main essentials of modern

THE GREAT ACTIVITY WHICH THE NEW DEFENCE IN DEPTH SEEMS TO ENVISAGE

OF THE MODERN MOBILE ARTILLERY IDEA SHOWN IN A PLEASANTLY RURAL SETTING

as quickly as it fires, and armoured lorry for the crew we have illustrated the two artillery — mobility and the capacity to carry everything on its back at top speed everywhere. Here, it will be noticed, are the mobile gun, the mobile ammunition, and the mobile gunners all proceeding at a like pace, and overcoming a serious natural obstacle

Every campaign is different from the preceding one in some measure, so the exact methods to be employed by the artillery in the next outburst of active warfare remain to be seen. But it seems impossible that the static conditions of this spring can remain. The guns, large and small, must all be capable of movement and this scene is probably prophetic of the next serious engagements. *On right*—This is rather like looking at an elephant from the wrong end, but one here sees a very important part of every gun, namely the "trail," which must be properly made and adjusted or the most careful "gun-laying" will not produce the desired results. Underneath the end of the trail is the steadying spade. The stick at the middle of the end is the trail handle. It can be lifted up. The towing-ring can be seen underneath the end of the trail handle. A good view of the ground wheel is given between the upper girders of the trail

THE TRAIL OF A 25-POUNDER, SHOWING HOW IT EXPANDS AND THEN CONTRACTS TOWARDS THE TRAIL HANDLE

THE OBSOLETE "GUN POSITION": Now, With Its Comfortable Nooks and Cupboards, Discarded in Face of the Demand for Mobility

THE OLD PARALLEL FACING LINES OF GUNS: We have here two armies facing each other in the old days. They advance, retreat, or stand muddily in what were (theoretically) a number of parallel lines. Wellington was the general who finally justified this military method and elevated it into a textbook dogma. It reached its climax in the war of 1914-1918, when men faced each other in miles of trenches. To advance you had to sweep over the opposing lines, a sanguinary business, and then re-form in a similar position. But the fire-power of artillery was steadily increased. Eventually the big guns smashed the trenches almost as soon as they were formed

(Continued from page 201)

A.A. Branch were incorporated the remainder of the heavy artillery, as well as all the panoply of A.A. defence, including searchlights, which had formerly been controlled by the Royal Engineers.

The guns themselves were deliberately standardised in a few groups, to simplify problems of production, transport, ammunition and training. The 25-pounder "gunhow" was made the principal weapon of most Field Artillery Regiments. Very special attention, fortunately, was paid to anti-tank and A.A. guns.

It is early to disentangle all the lessons of that Battle of France, but two stand out clear. Long-range bombardment can be carried out more cheaply and effectively by aircraft than by guns; anti-aircraft guns are indispensable, and the wise commander will set them up before he thinks of anything else. Then there were shadowy hints of developments to come.

Mobility had been restored to armies by the German method. Therefore artillery, to be of any use at all, must be able to keep up with the speeding soldiers, and, if necessary, fire on the way. The logical conclusion was—though a vague one—that the light artillery of the future must not be dragged along with muzzles pointing the wrong way, but must be motorised, armoured and mounted like tanks themselves. Indeed, tanks and guns might wed in the artillery of to-morrow.

An extreme school argued at once that land-guns were finished altogether, and aircraft, perhaps radio-controlled, could fulfil all their functions more accurately, cheaply and with a far more devastating effect.

What the Royal Artillery is actually doing at the moment is probably an attempt to graft some of the new ideas on the old bough. Certainly they are practising for greater speed of manœuvre. New guns are being planned to have increased range and shell-power. Anti-tank guns must be able to pierce the surprisingly tough German armour, and they must be less sensitive to the effects of uneven ground and hasty fire.

So it will be seen that the young man who enters the Royal Regiment of Artillery now has some interesting problems before him. If scientifically-minded, he has all the special jobs of the Survey Company to explore—prediction, ground and air observation, sound-ranging, flash-spotting. He *may* find himself imperceptibly merged into the Royal Armoured Corps, or even the Royal Air Force as the tide of war rolls on. But whatever his fate, the front of the battle will always be his.

The system of "defence in depth" was evolved because stronger and stronger artillery had made it possible practically to obliterate *lines* of defence before the attack swept over. The new system, as practised by the Germans, was immediately successful at the end of 1917. They placed some of their defending strong points as far as 10,000 yards behind the front line, far beyond the range of the Allied guns at that period. So *they* couldn't be pounded, at any rate. Then there was another side to the matter. Our guns, according to the line system, were placed in neat rows. Until a few months ago, they still were! The result was that when the infiltrating enemy had passed through the line, especially with the aid of tanks, the guns were suddenly useless. The battle had raged past them, and few could turn round in time to join in, even if they were capable of such a manœuvre.

So at long last it became evident to the artillery commanders that they must themselves conform to the situation that they had helped to create, and dispose their own weapons in depth as a counter-measure. Guns must no longer be placed in line, but must be disposed both to reach the enemy's deep defences and to deal with infiltration. The Royal Artillery, to satisfy these new requirements, has lately been concentrating on three points, simplification of manœuvre, increased range, and greater shell-power.

If the processes of handling artillery are simplified then there will be greater speed in bringing fire to bear upon a target. Artillery in depth—both against the enemy's deep positions, and to conform with the disappearance of the line on your own side — must be mobile, quick-firing, and easily handled. But perhaps the most important improvement that the Royal Artillery seeks to-day is increased range. This will enable the guns to switch over to any area on an extended front without moving to new positions.

Greater shell-power will enable the guns to make matchwood of the heaviest tank-armour, and pulverise pill-boxes and other strong-points with more immediate effect. Power-digging and rapid-drying cement have stiffened the defence considerably in our time. But the outstanding point is that modern artillery conforms to "the bulge" in the line used with such effect by Hitler. Next time the gunners will not be caught napping.

THE TWO MEN ON THE GROUND ARE USING THE FIELD TELEPHONE: The post controls the firing of the guns

THIS KIND OF EMPLACEMENT MAY BE NECESSARY BUT MAY PROVE ONLY VERY TEMPORARY IN THE NEW ARTILLERY METHODS: This is a line of 25-pounders, a type which forms the bulk of the field artillery with the Army to-day. It has largely taken the place both of the 18-pounder gun and the 4·5-in. howitzer, and combines the best points of both

A HEAVY "FIXED" GUN, THE POSITIONING OF WHICH NEEDS INTENSIVE THOUGHT: The 9·2-in. howitzer is one of the most formidable "static" guns now in service with the British Army, although it is by no means new in design. A later model, the 8-in. howitzer, is less heavily built. To obtain true howitzer effect the muzzle must be elevated. The barrel on the top is the pneumatic buffer to take up the tremendous recoil of the shell

HYMN SINGERS IN A LONDON SHELTER

This picture was taken a few nights ago in one of the Underground shelters in a working-class district. It is part of a young preacher's scheme for keeping Londoners in touch with the things to which they were accustomed before the air *blitzkrieg*. During his nightly tour, men, women and children are all invited to join in the singing of well-known hymns, read from the large-print posters carried by the preacher's assistant. The idea has proved a great success

WEDDING RECEPTION—"BLITZKRIEG" STYLE

When the marriage between Flying Officer J. C. Martin and Miss Edna Squire-Brown was celebrated recently, the reception was held at the bride's house in Forest Hill which, however, is in a very sad state owing to a recent bombing raid. The bride is a dancer, internationally famous for her "Dove Dance." In this amusing picture, bride and bridegroom are seen, with their attendants, at the reception—very happy, despite the total absence of wall!

A LOVELY KENT HOME FOR BOMBED-OUT BABIES

Mrs. Nicolson (Victoria Sackville-West), the novelist and wife of Mr. Harold Nicolson, M.P., has lent her fifteenth-century Kent home—Long Barn—to provide a nursery for these poor mites, most of whom were recently sleeping in Tube stations. The house is reputed to have been the birthplace of Caxton, and it is said to be haunted by the ghost of the first Printer, which may be heard on moonlight nights

THE RESCUE PARTY AT WORK

This picture comes from "a town in the South-East"—one of those spots mentioned with such tragic frequency in the Air Ministry's reports. The house at the end of the row was struck during a daylight raid, and some of the occupants badly hurt. The police have already rescued one woman victim from the debris, and are conveying her to one of the undamaged houses adjoining for medical attention

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT PREDICTOR AT WORK

A Wonderful Mechanism Described in Detail for the First Time

OUR fighting forces have many remarkable weapons and instruments to-day, but none more extraordinary than the anti-aircraft predictor. Defence against night bombers is difficult enough. Without the predictor it might well be a hopeless job; as it is, the device in question may yet prove the basis of that final invention which we are all awaiting, a means of defeating the night bomber altogether.

Most people are familiar with the outward and visible shape of the predictor. But it is not generally realised exactly what part the instrument plays in the involved anti-aircraft game. It is often confused with other devices, no less necessary, but less remarkable. Here, then, is a description of the actual process which culminates in the predictor's part.

First, the approach of hostile aircraft is ascertained by means of the sound-locator. This consists of large movable trumpets, based on the principle of the human ear. If you want to detect a sound yourself, you instinctively move your head from side to side until the sound is of equal strength in each ear. The sound-locator works in the same way. There are two pairs of trumpets, one for the horizontal plane and one for the vertical. The aircraft's sound is caught between them, instruction is given to the waiting searchlight, and theoretically the raider is exposed. Now the gun is brought into operation.

But it is no use firing straight away, even if the plane is clearly visible. Range must be taken, so it is necessary to determine the raider's exact height. The height-finder is employed for this purpose, a pair of wide-spaced mechanical eyes, and it usually does its job fairly quickly. Even now, however, the gun cannot be fired.

This is because the raider is not a static body, but is travelling at several hundred miles an hour. He may travel over a mile from the time the shell leaves the gun until it reaches his height. So the predictor is finally given its job of calculating, to a nicety, how far ahead of the plane the gun must fire to hit it.

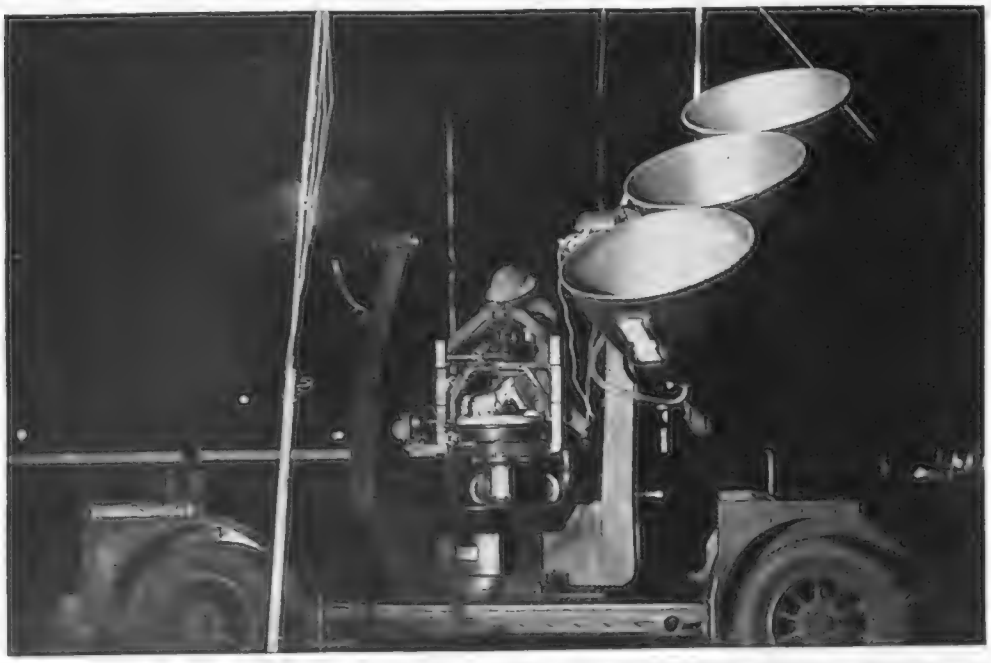
The instrument is worked by a team of six men. They can start once they have been given the height of the raider. One man then "sets" the height on the predictor by turning a wheel. The other members of the team next proceed to turn other wheels, which keep moving pointers in certain positions on other dials and the target in a "view-field." The accumulated data is given to the "brain" of the instrument, which, to be non-technical, works on a combination of the principles of the ordinary office calculating machine, the seismograph and similar devices. Only expert mathematicians would be able to follow a comparatively crude outline of the process.

But what the predictor does is this. It calculates the bearing and elevation needed to get that plane It allows for wind, the curve of the trajectory, and for the variation in barometric pressure in the upper air It even gives the right fuse-setting to ensure that the shell will burst at, as well as reach, the desired altitude and position. All this information is conveyed continuously to the gun. There are dials on the gun-mounting on which are noted the information received. The gun-layers watch those and elevate and traverse the weapon accordingly. The fuse-setting is done automatically before the gun is loaded And if the gun is the Vickers 3·7 in— Vickers make the predictor, too—it will be able to fire as many as fifteen rounds per minute in spite of all this elaborate gauging.

The predictor is the nearest approach to a mechanical brain ever devised by man. Used in a different way, and with some elaborations, it might be able to do—who knows? Certainly we shall not stop these night raiders until we have dragged them from their curtain of darkness and made them easy targets for our guns and fighters. The predictor, developed along certain lines, may yet enable us to defeat the most deadly weapon of destruction yet invented by man.

And it is worth noting that we would not have the predictor to-day but for the enterprise of Vickers and the War Office.

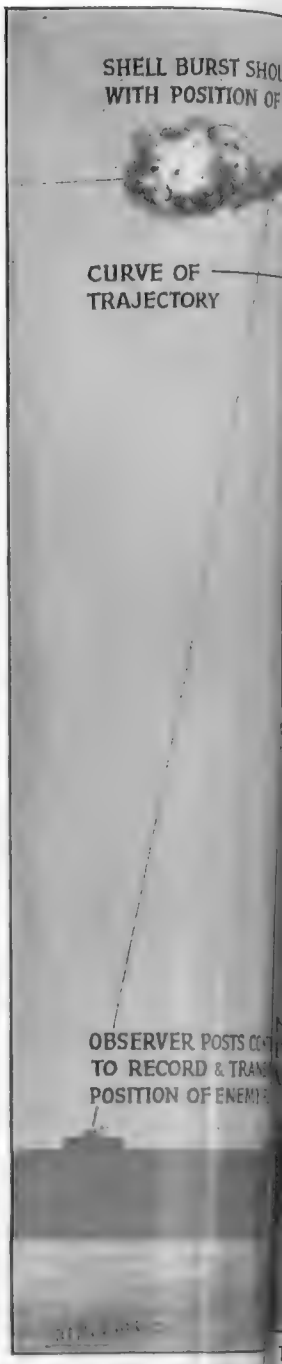
Donald Cowie



THE LISTENING EARS WHICH DEFINE THE POSITION OF ONCOMING ENEMY AIRCRAFT. A MARK VIII SOUND-LOCATOR ON ITS MOBILE BASE

AN ESSENTIAL FACTOR IN THE PREDICTOR'S CALCULATIONS IS SUPPLIED BY THESE WATCHERS WHO USE A HUGE HEIGHT-FINDER TO DETERMINE THE RANGE

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN POSITION IS ALSO SUPPLIED WITH AN ADDITIONAL RANGE-FINDER OF MUCH SMALLER DIMENSIONS WITH WHICH LOCAL DATA CAN BE INSTANTLY ASCERTAINED



THE PREDICTOR'S POSITION I
as the Predictor occupie
being improved in all
cally or electrically w
Observer Post, which
of these posts whose
estimate the position

THE POSITION OF THE PREDICTOR AT A GUN POSITION IN RELA
TO THE "VIEW-FIELD" INSTRUMENT AND THE SENIOR OFFICE
CABIN: The Predictor team are here seen standing round
marvellous calculating machine which takes into its consideration
force of wind, barometric pressure, curve of trajectory, range

COINCIDE
ANE

POSITION OF PLANE AT MOMENT WHEN SHELL LEAVES GUN

1 mile

THE RANGE FACTOR IS DETERMINED BY THE HEIGHT FINDER

POSITION

APPROACH OF PLANE DETECTED & ITS POSITION ROUGHLY LOCATED BY THE SOUND DETECTOR

CLOUD SCREEN

15 ROUNDS PER MINUTE FROM A 3·7

SHELL LEAVES GUN

BEARING & ELEVATION OF GUN DICTATED BY PREDICTOR

THE PREDICTOR CALCULATES BEARING & ELEVATION - ALLOWS FOR WIND, CURVE OF TRAJECTORY, BAROMETER'S VARIATION & TELLS THE FUSE SETTING REQUIREMENTS

OBSERVER POSTS WITH PLOTTERS

THE FIRST ELEMENT IN THE A.A. DEFENCE CHAIN

NUE
IT
NE

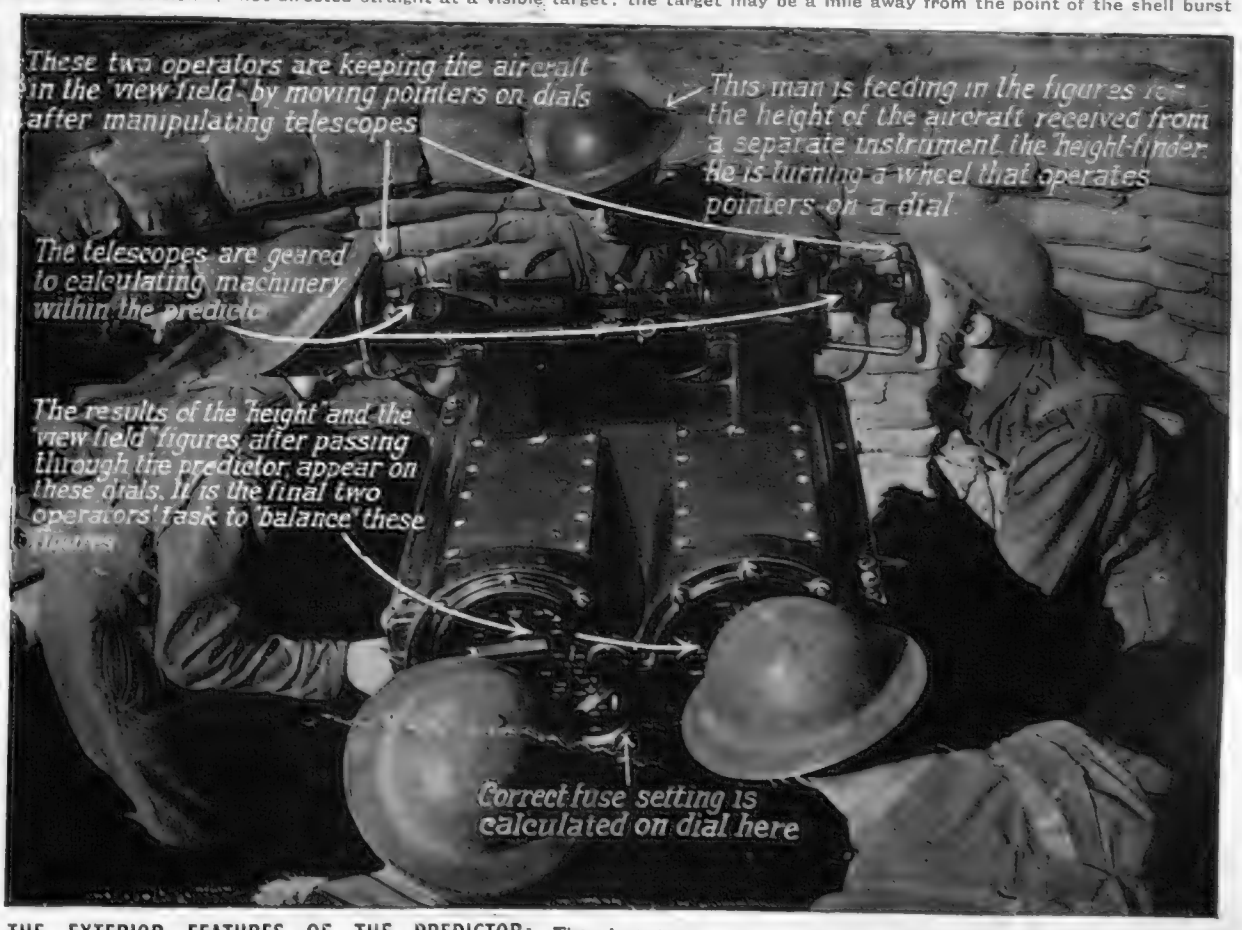
THE RANGE FINDER

THE SOUND DETECTOR

Drawing by D. Macpherson

THE A.A. DEFENCE CHAIN: The marvellous "box of tricks" known ... an intermediat... position in the chain of defence which is constantly ... branches. Th... ...ous components of the chain are linked up telephoni... each other. T... ...primary element, the finger-tip of the system, is the ... shown in the ...nce in this diagrammatic view. There are hundreds ... is to discove... ...approach of enemy aircraft. The watchers roughly ... the approach... ...nes, but this information is given greater precision by the Sound-Detector, an affair of huge ears, the disposition of which is being improved in the light of experience. The actual height or range of the oncoming enemy plane is next determined by the Range-Finder, the size of which has increased greatly during recent months. The information these observers gain is essential to the working of the Predictor, which now comes into view. This box, with its double cylindrical top and mass of external handles, must know the range before it can begin its calculations, which ultimately work out the necessary setting of the gun and the timing of the fuse. The gun barrel is not directed straight at a visible target: the target may be a mile away from the point of the shell burst

shell; and adds them all together and gives the proper direction for the gun and the timing of the fuse. The team, of five or six men, have to work together with great speed and accuracy for the target is travelling perhaps at 350 miles per hour



THE EXTERIOR FEATURES OF THE PREDICTOR: The most obvious external features are the twin telescopes which keep an aircraft in the "view-field," and are geared to calculating machinery within the Predictor, which is thus set in motion. The man in the centre at back communicates to the Predictor the figures for the height of the enemy plane which have been transmitted from the Range-Finder post. The results of these two figure components appear on the dials facing the two front members of the team, who balance those figures and obtain the result of the probable future course of the plane. The fuse-setting result appears on a small dial between these two bigger ones

AN OCEAN-GOING SUBMARINE RETURNS TO THE PARENT SHIP IN THE WANING EVENING LIGHT—*An impression by Montague Dawson*

The homecoming of a long-distance submarine after a hazardous spell at sea is not marked by any great outward signs of emotion. The submarine glides alongside; the bearded Commander (and most of the submarine's complement are also bearded) comes ashore, followed gradually by the crew, who leave everything ship-shape for the reserve crew. Then comes the transition from the extraordinary meal hours—breakfast at 5 p.m., luncheon at 2 a.m. and supper at 5 a.m.; and sleeping throughout the cruise in one's clothes; to the comfort of a bunk, regular meals, and the arrival of mail. Soon, the submarine Commander will be wanting to get his crew together again.

CONVOY WORK BY BRITISH DESTROYERS UNDER THE GREY SKIES OFF THE EASTERN COASTS

Convoys have to pass to and fro from England's ports in spite of enemy action and the dirty weather of November. In the Channel or the North Sea, where the proximity of the coast enables the enemy to attack at short range, the work of the destroyer escort is ever necessary, and at times it is convenient to throw out a smoke screen. Here destroyers are sending out clouds of dense black smoke, which will obscure their movements, for this thick, oily smoke hangs on the sea like a pall

A SUBMARINE COMES HOME

—And Other Scenes of Naval and Air Activity Against the Enemy

A SUBMARINE ON THE SURFACE FIRES PRACTICE SHOTS WITH THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN FRONT OF THE CONNING TOWER

Below—

THE COASTAL COMMAND ATTACKS GERMAN SHIPPING

Drawing by Montague Dawson

In the drawing given below, one of many similar incidents is recorded. The enemy are unable to send their ships out to sea for the purposes of trade or military transport, but they can and do hug the shore, where shallow water, the proximity of land guns and other causes make it no easy matter to deal with this traffic. Such ships do, however, receive attention wherever possible, and here is a recent case, in which Beaufort aircraft of the Coastal Command are seen attacking German supply ships with aerial torpedoes off the Frisian Islands; as a result a vessel of 4,000 tons was sunk. Three Beauforts were on offensive reconnaissance when this action took place. The vessel was struck, blew up, and disappeared within 30 seconds

A.T.S. GIRLS WORKING ON THE "TARGET RECORDER": This instrument is located in the gun-pits actually alongside the guns—unlike the Kine-Theodolite (shown on the right-hand side of these pages) which is operated from a distance of about two miles

THE "TARGET RECORDER" BEING OPERATED BY MEMBERS OF THE A.T.S.: As the shells burst in mid-air, so a chart is marked in this machine to show the exact position of the bursts in relation to the target. These charts thus afford the gun crews valuable information as to the correctness or otherwise of the gun-laying

THE SCENE IN THE GUN-PIT: The A.T.S. girls are already at their posts whilst the A.A. gunners are still scrambling to take up their positions

SOLDIERS AND A.T.S. GIRLS WORKING SIDE BY SIDE: At a Southern anti-aircraft battery, where the women are giving valuable help to the gunners in the Practice Camp. Whilst these girls plot the position of the shell bursts, colleagues in District Observation Posts are recording with the camera Kine-Theodolite the skill of the gunners. Here the location of the Target Recorder is seen—in the very gun-pit itself

The WOMEN BEHIND the GUNS

The Girls of the A.T.S. and Their Work with the Wonderful Kine-Theodolite

GIRLS of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, working in the shadow of the big guns as they shake the earth with the volume of their sound, are playing a vital part in the training of Britain's anti-aircraft gunners. Sometimes standing right behind the guns as the gunners practise, the girls operate delicate instruments to make recordings of the shell bursts and thus obtain valuable data for the gunners. The Practice Camps at which these pictures were taken are situated at various points throughout the country. To them are drafted members of anti-aircraft batteries, who may have been plugging away at the enemy night after night and for whom a change of scene is desirable. The course is a kind of busman's holiday for the visiting gunners.

A special feature of the station is the presence of highly trained members of the A.T.S., who act as shell spotters when the gunners fire at practice targets. (These girls are permitted to wear the lanyard because they are attached to the Royal Artillery.) Two main instruments are used in spotting the course of a practice shell; one—the Target Recorder—is placed quite close to the actual guns in the gun-pit. Two or three girls manipulate this instrument, which contains a kind of camera obscura box in which the track of the shell can be viewed. This is marked on a card by one of the girls, and is later used for detecting errors. At the same time other members of the A.T.S. are working a Kine-Theodolite shell-spotter at a point about 2 miles away. These posts are in direct telephonic communication with the gun battery. Within the Theodolite is a cinema spool, and on this is obtained a record of the track of the shell which is, in this case, seen sideways—and not from the back, as in the case of the Target Recorder. Other girls are placed in various positions as links between the batteries and the camera guns; still others work out the results recorded on the cards and the cinema films. In doing this they employ a graduated wheel which facilitates the calculation of angles, as seen in one of our pictures. When the guns are firing at a target towed behind an aeroplane, the camera apparatus may pick up errors not clear to the unaided eye. The operators of these fascinating instruments need a considerable technical knowledge and a natural delicacy of touch. Some of the girls are now instructing men in this work.

THE KINE-THEODOLITE, by means of which a camera record of the track of the shell is secured. This instrument is located about two miles away from the guns, and the results are telephoned back to the battery

HOW THE KINE-THEODOLITE IS OPERATED: The girl seated at the telephone is awaiting the "stand-by" order from the battery; the two others are intently gazing through the eye-pieces ready to follow the track of the shells in the air in order to photograph them

1 Loading film into the instrument ready for recording the practice-firing from the battery

2 A.T.S. members examining the developed film in the dark-room after a "shoot"

3 The developed films from the Kine-Theodolite being passed through the "evaluator" by members of the A.T.S.

4 Girls operating the computer and making rapid calculations for height finding

5 Computing the results of the battery's shell bursts with the aid of log. tables

THE "CONTROL POST" BEHIND THE GUNS: The A.T.S. girls in the foreground are in telephonic communication with the Kine-Theodolite posts a couple of miles away. When the gunners are ready, the Theodolite operators are ordered by telephone to "stand by," and as the shells are fired their course is then followed from a distance by the recording camera installed inside the Theodolite. The girls of the A.T.S. who perform this highly specialised work number about thirty, with a chief carrying the rank of sergeant who is a Bachelor of Science. Their working out of mathematical problems is of a high order

JAPAN TURNS SOUTH

A Survey of How Far Japan has been Able to Carry out her Ambition of Dominion Over All Asia and of the Factors which have Limited these Efforts to Certain Parts of China and Indo-China

By COMMANDER EDGAR P. YOUNG, R.N., Ret.

(Formerly on the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, China Squadron)

THE recent conclusion of an alliance between Japan and the Axis Powers, with whom we are at war, though, in fact, but a confirmation of a relationship which was well known to exist before, has drawn attention once more to the situation in the Far East. Does this announcement portend some new development of that situation? If so, what is that development likely to be? These are questions which many are asking themselves, more especially in the British Empire and in the United States, which are both likely to be very much concerned, whatever the answers may be.

In order to have a correct appreciation of the situation, it is necessary to realise, in the first place, that Japan, like Nazi Germany, is obsessed with an idea that it is her "destiny" to master the world and, in the second place, that this obsession is both the product and the perpetuator of an extremely ill-balanced internal structure.

At a time when the Army was in the ascendancy, the then Prime Minister, General Baron Tanaka, gained acceptance for a detailed plan (now printed in the book of Regulations carried by every Japanese officer) for Japan's realisation of her "destiny." This plan, like that in *Mein Kampf*, describes how Japan should exploit the rivalry and the cupidity of her powerful opponents in order to strengthen her position by a series of stages, each one of which has been designed to facilitate the achievement of the next.

Taking advantage of the embarrassment caused to her opponents by the economic crisis of 1929–30, Japan embarked on the execution of the Tanaka Plan by occupying Manchuria in 1931. Since then she has tried to fulfil its ensuing stages, but has been brought to a standstill owing to the fact that its originator had underestimated the strength and influence of the U.S.S.R. and the capacity of the Chinese people to unite and to offer effective resistance to Japanese aggression.

As a result of these miscalculations, Japan found herself, at the time when the European War broke out, deeply involved in a continental campaign which seemed likely to drag on interminably and to end in her defeat by economic exhaustion. The outbreak of war in Europe would have presented her with a heaven-sent opportunity to achieve her next immediate objective, the seizure of the rich Far Eastern possessions of Britain, France and Holland, which represented to her the sources of raw materials, the closed markets and the foreign exchange of which she was, and still remains, very sorely in need, but she was held back by three factors:

(1) The resistance of the Chinese people, which "contained" so large a proportion of her military and aerial forces that she has not sufficient of these available to co-operate with her powerful Navy in any major operation overseas;

(2) The fear of United States intervention if she embarked on operations which would clearly menace the security of the Philippine Islands;

(3) The fear that the removal from her metropolitan area of a greater proportion of her naval and aerial forces might encourage the U.S.S.R. to use the numerous aeroplanes and submarines massed at and around Vladivostok for delivering a fatal blow at the heart of her struggling Empire.

It is to these three factors that must be ascribed the immunity from Japanese aggression enjoyed hitherto by the Dutch and British possessions in the Far East—to these and to the fact, revealed by the accompanying table, that Japan is so dependent (not only for the maintenance of her war effort, but for the very life of her numerous population) on continued access to the raw materials and to the markets of territories which Holland and Britain, together with the United States, control.

Combined economic action by those three Powers could at any time since 1931 have speedily put an end to Japanese aggression, and to the feudal-militarist regime responsible for it; but such action, though economical in the long run, would impose immediate losses on individuals wielding great political power, so Japan has hitherto been spared the infliction on her of such decisive pressure.

The increased preoccupation of Britain with her interests nearer home, and the increasing preoccupation of the United States with developments in the Atlantic, have so altered the balance of power in the Far East, that Japan would seem to have detected a possibility of achieving her ends by collaborating with those responsible for those preoccupations, and to have decided to adopt the alternative line of expansion, which has always been advocated by her Navy.

The first indications of this change of policy were the occupation by Japan of Hainan Island and of Spratley Island, both points of strategic importance for her naval expansion towards the south, but acquired without serious protest from those threatened by such expansion. Japan's next step projected in the same direction, when she proposed to "preserve the *status quo* in the Dutch East Indies" by taking them over, was prevented by Mr. Cordell Hull's different interpretation of the meaning of *status quo*. She was forced, therefore, to invoke the good offices of Herr Hitler, in return for her open declaration of alliance, in obtaining concessions from the French in Indo-China which will strengthen her hand when she returns to the charge in relation to the Dutch East Indies, counting doubtless on her ally to assist her once more by exerting the necessary pressure in Holland.

This latest advance into Indo-China, like Hitler's advance into Czechoslovakia, would seem to have been too readily assumed in this country and in the United States as indicative of aggression in a direction away from territories in which they are more intimately concerned. It would seem, however, that the concessions gained are more suitable for the development by Japan of an offensive through Thailand (Siam) against Burma and British Malaya, while the acquisition of Kam Ranh Bay has provided her with a valuable base from which to launch an oversea expedition against British, Dutch, or American possessions in the East Indies.

In connection with these suggested possibilities it may prove that the reported withdrawal of the Japanese Army from Kwangsi Province and Ichang is the beginning of an attempt by Japan to eliminate the remaining factors that still prohibit their realisation.

If wise statesmanship and skilful diplomacy on the part of Britain, Holland and the United States does not speedily bring about the adoption of a combined policy in accordance with the urgent requirements of naval strategy, a situation seems likely to result from which their combined armed forces could not save them, and the reversal of which would entail vast sacrifice of life and treasure.

THE MILITARY PENETRATION OF CHINA BY JAPAN: This map has been specially prepared for "The Sphere" in order to show how far the penetration of China has actually extended up to the present time. This is indicated by a grey tint; within that area the Japanese hold the country in a military and administrative sense. The most westerly points reached are indicated at Puchow and Ichang on the Yangtse (from which a withdrawal has just been made). In some cases the area of occupation clings to a railway or a few cities linked together by defendable roads. That the intervening regions are not effectively held by Japan is evidenced by the fact that guerrilla fighting takes place in certain areas, and as late as this summer one of the biggest conflicts of the war took place north of Hankow, along the Han River, with the fortune of war swinging first to one side and then to the other. The ports on the south-east coast have been seized, but no material advances have been made from them

JAPAN'S DEPENDENCE ON IMPORTS FROM THE BRITISH, DUTCH AND AMERICAN EMPIRES

(Latest Figures Available—Those for the Year 1938.)

JAPAN'S IMPORTS

Japan imported from the British, Dutch and American Empires about 85 per cent. of her total imports, divided up as follows:—

British Empire	20·69 per cent.
Dutch Empire	8·62 " "
American Empire	56·00 " "

Important among the imports were the following:

Automobiles, Spare parts and Accessories	64·8 per cent.
Metal-working Machinery	71·25 " "
Aircraft	77·03 " "
Petroleum	99·09 " "
Ores	99·21 " "
Scrap Iron	99·23 " "
Copper	99·95 " "
Lead	99·86 " "
Nickel (90 per cent. from Canada)	100·00 " "
Mica (all from Canada)	100·00 " "
Asbestos (all from Canada)	100·00 " "

(71 per cent. of her imports of Aluminium were also derived from Canada)

JAPAN'S EXPORTS

The British, Dutch, American and French Empires absorbed 82·3 per cent. of Japan's total exports, the British Empire being responsible for 40 per cent. The greater part of Japan's export (as well as of her import) trade, not only with the British Empire, but also with third countries, was rendered possible only by the credit facilities afforded by London.

Drawing by E. G. Lambert

THE VITAL DOCK AREA OF HAMBURG, WHICH HAS BEEN A WONDERFUL TARGET FOR BRITISH BOMBING AIRCRAFT, AND WHICH IS NOW LARGELY IN RUINS

Second city of Germany and largest harbour in that country, Hamburg lies along the River Elbe. The town has been ignored by the R.A.F. but the docks and harbour have been so consistently bombed that little can remain of utility to the German war machine. The harbour and docks stretch for a distance of 5 miles and can accommodate upwards of 450 sea-going vessels, 1,400 vessels from the Upper Elbe River and 5,000 barges and smaller river craft. This crowded area contains petrol refineries and storage depots, gasworks, warehouses, huge electric cranes and a thousand and one other buildings essential to Germany's economic life. Night after night this area has been subjected to the most intense bombardment by R.A.F. aircraft; and the drawing below shows the British bombers at their nightly tasks

What the NIGHT RAIDS on HAMBURG MEAN

The Destruction Wrought by the Never-ceasing Attacks of the R.A.F.

It is impossible in one drawing to give a true picture of the havoc wrought by the R.A.F. at Hamburg. After Hamm, this must be the most bombed spot in Germany—and, to paraphrase a famous German of years gone by, "what a city to bomb!" We will content ourselves with a recent Air Ministry report, describing the results of one out of the scores of raids carried out on the Harbour and Docks.

When the force of heavy British bombers launched their concentrated attack against two of the city's largest oil refineries and storage plants, great fires were soon started. The raid on this occasion began at 8.30, and for the next ninety minutes high-explosive bombs, including some of the heaviest calibre, and hundreds of fire bombs were rained on the targets in an almost continuous series of attacks.

The heaviest attacks were directed against the Rhenania Ossag Mineral Oil Refinery and Storage Plant in the Grasbrook district of the dock. Repeated hits within the works area were followed by heavy explosions and the dull red glow of intense fires. Two sticks of heavy-calibre bombs which slightly overshot the target struck the adjoining docks and caused fresh outbreaks of fire. At the height of the raid two great fires blazing in the target area could plainly be seen from aircraft 30 to 40 miles distant from Hamburg.

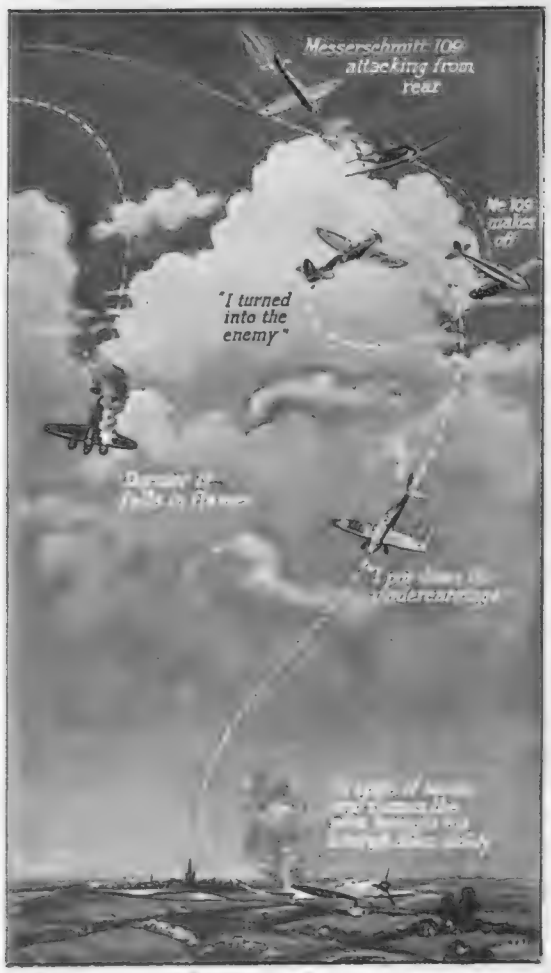
A separate fighting force was meanwhile concentrating on the Deutsche Petroleum Works, 2½ miles away and also in the Hamburg docks area. Here, too, heavy-calibre bombs, which exploded within the target area, started fierce fires, from one of which dense clouds of smoke came billowing up.

Drawing by Roland Davies

ONLY ONE ATTACK OUT OF SCORES MADE BY BRITISH AIRCRAFT—THE DOCK AREA AT HAMBURG SUFFERING A HEAVY ONSLAUGHT BY THE R.A.F.: Here the heavy bombers are coming in over the extensive dock area and dropping their bombs on the crowded Grasbrook district. A full description of this particular concentrated attack is given in the descriptive matter published above

PHASES OF THE WAR IN THE AIR

Pictured in Special Exclusive Drawings and Diagrams by "Sphere" Artists



A SPITFIRE PILOT SAVES HIMSELF BY ATTACK! An enemy pilot's attack on a damaged Spitfire saved the British aircraft from destruction: it probably also saved the Spitfire pilot's life. Half in and half out of his cockpit, the pilot changed his mind about jumping when the Me 109 attacked him after he had been hit in combat. The British pilot had been separated from his squadron and had already destroyed a Dornier, when he felt a bang behind him and found that his hood and mirror were shattered. "Realising that I would be at a disadvantage landing from a parachute, I turned into the enemy who made off at high speed." The British pilot had lost a lot of height, but he was able to land safely

A PILOT'S LIFE SAVED BY FIVE SECONDS: A R.A.F. fighter pilot had led his squadron to the attack of an enemy formation which looked to be making for an important target. "I was just about to break away," the pilot said, "when a tremendous explosion took place. I succeeded in getting my aircraft under control, but had to turn off the ignition and petrol. I glided as far as I could and when down to 5,000 ft. saw a tramp steamer. I baled out at 4,000 ft., the wind taking me about a mile to the leeward of the ship. About five seconds after abandoning the aircraft I saw it blow up in the air and heard a tremendous report. After being in the sea for about 20 minutes a boat from the ship picked me up"

BLENHEIMS TO THE RESCUE: AIRCRAFT OF THE Once again aircraft of the Coastal Command have been instrumental in rescuing British seamen. In this case the twenty-four survivors had been adrift for nine hours before help could reach them. While the Blenheims were carrying out one of their never-ceasing patrols, the pilots discerned a white speck fluttering on the water in the distance. Closer investigation revealed a raft and several floats filled with men. One of the sailors had a white rag which he was fluttering vigorously and it was this which caught the pilot's eye. Two of the Blenheims remained circling over the men, while the third, after dropping its own dinghy near the raft, went back to its base to report. A little later, high speed motor boats came up and the rescue of the twenty-four mariners was effected. The Blenheim, it might be added, is one of the most useful aircraft possessed by this country—it is used for patrol, for bombing, and as a fighter; its record of service since the outbreak of the war is prodigious

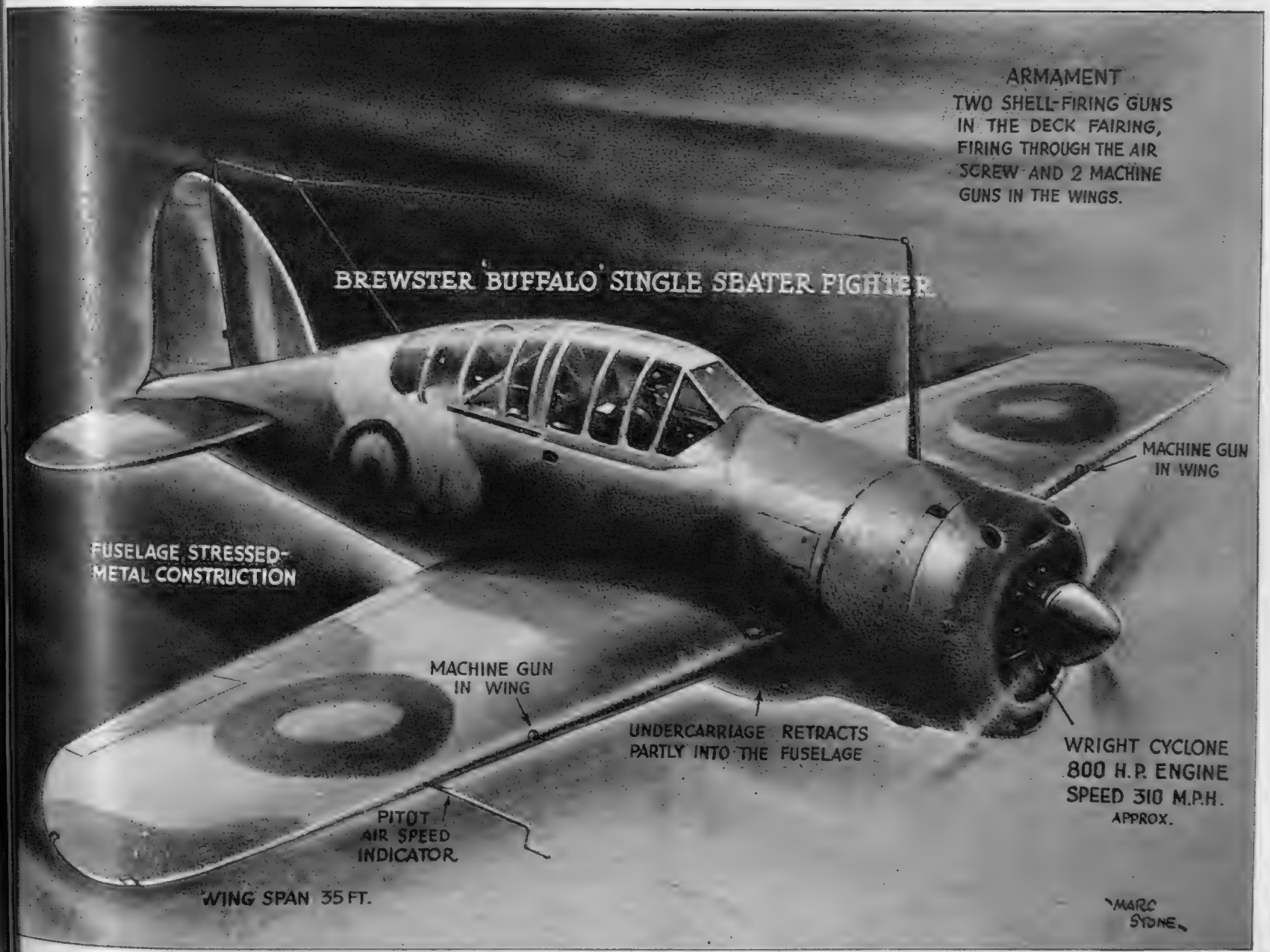
Drawing by Roland Davies

ONE OF THE LONGEST OF THE LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHTS CARRIED OUT BY THE R.A.F.—The attack on the famous Skoda Works at Pilsen in Czechoslovakia

The transference of German armament centres to Czechoslovakia is no guarantee of their immunity from R.A.F. bombing. As evidence of this, is the recent bombing of the famous Skoda armament works at Pilsen, one of the longest of the long-distance flights recently achieved by the Bomber Command. Unfavourable weather, with low cloud and bad visibility, met the raiders as they neared Pilsen after a flight of 750 miles from the English coast, and over an hour was spent in searching for the target before the great factory was seen silhouetted against the snow-covered ground. Fierce fires and explosions followed the attack and a pilot who made three separate runs over the target, bombing by the light of flares dropped by other aircraft, reported that all his heavy bombs found their mark. These were quickly followed by incendiary bombs which set fire to the damaged buildings. The fires were seen to be increasing in size and new outbreaks were gaining hold as the aircraft left the city

Drawing by Roland Davies

COASTAL COMMAND EFFECT STILL ANOTHER RESCUE AT SEA. Twenty-four survivors of a British vessel are taken off their rafts after being adrift for nine hours



Drawing by Marc Stone

THE NEW AMERICAN FIGHTER PLANE WHICH IS NOW BEING USED BY THE R.A.F. — The compact little Brewster Buffalo which can "turn on a sixpenny bit"

It is acknowledged that the R.A.F. have the best-armed and most manœuvrable fighter aircraft in the world. To these, our fighter pilots can now add the chubby little Brewster Buffalo pictured above. This aircraft, of which a number are now in active commission, is so handy in the air that it makes observers gasp when they witness the extraordinary manœuvres it can perform. "Give me a Spitfire for catching a Hun," said one British pilot, "but give me a Buffalo for a really close-quarter combat. It gives you a chance to use every bit of flying technique that we were ever taught. It can turn on a sixpence.'" The speed of this aircraft is 310 m.p.h.: its unusually thick, barrel-like body gives it an unmistakeable appearance in the air. It was first intended for use with the United States Navy and was designed to land on aircraft-carriers at sea. It is powered with a Wright Cyclone engine of 800 h.p.; although its speed of 310 m.p.h. is not high, judged by modern standards, the manner in which it can be "thrown about" in aerial combat more than compensates for this; the Me 110 twin-engined fighter, for instance, is very fast—but it cannot be turned quickly enough. British fighters, on the other hand, can turn in a much smaller circle and thus bring their guns to bear in a beam attack!

AIR COMMENTARY BY CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

The OPENING of a new BATTLE AREA

What the Old R.F.C. Did in Greece in the Last War;
And the Opening Up of New Air Bases to the R.A.F.

NOW that poor little Greece has been forced into the war, movements in the Mediterranean are likely to become interesting. Greece itself is another example of the misfortune of being a small nation, and of that cant in the last war about "self-determination"—which has been largely the cause of this war.

The one thing that is emerging clearly out of the fog of war this time is that either small nations will have to consent to being swallowed by big nations, or they will have to form a United States of their own, if they have enough population to form a big nation when they get together.

Take a look at Mr. Whitaker's invaluable Almanack (a book which, together with *Who's Who* and *The London Telephone Directory*, will enable you to pose as a mine of miscellaneous and accurate information) and you will find that the populations of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Belgium put together are only a little greater than the population of Hyderabad alone, and are merely a fraction of that of Hyderabad plus Mysore plus Baroda plus Kashmir plus Jodhpore plus the other independent Indian principalities—and yet the Nizam and the Gaekwar and the assorted Maharajahs are well pleased to be *inside* the British Empire which insures them and their people against internal strife and external invasion.

Think what would have been the position in 1939 if Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium had all been tributary states of the British Empire, or United States of Western Europe, with Navies, Armies, and Air Forces equipped alike and trained together. Such a semi-circlement would have done more to assure peace than could either the appeasement or the total encirclement which we tried so clumsily to arrange.

Naturally all the veterans of the Balkans in the last war are full out for an adventure in Greece in this war. They start by asserting, which is true, that they finished their war and beat the Austrians and Bulgars before our other armies beat the Turks or the Germans. The Air Force people are particularly emphatic about it. And they add that they did lots of things in the Balkans before they were done elsewhere.

For example, they claim the first combined Air Force bomb-raiding, when the Royal Naval Air Service under Captain Scarlett, R.N., commonly known as Dan, and the Royal Flying Corps under Lieut.-Colonel George Dawes, joined forces and committed considerable depredations on the Bulgars, and the two commanding officers in one aeroplane crashed on their own aerodrome when they got home, but that is another story.

Also they claim the first experience of heavy German bombers and the first victory over them. The Germans sent their first squadron of twin-motor Gothas to try them out in the despised Balkan War. They bombed Bucharest, and, naturally, got no retort from the Rumanians, whose national emblem, a wag suggested, should be "a rabbit retirant." Then they arranged to have a cut at Salonika.

But Colonel Dawes, aforementioned, had co-operated with an ingenious young officer of the R.F.C., named Murliss Green, in turning one of their old B.E. two-seat biplanes into a single-seat fighter. And when the Gothas arrived, as foretold by our excellent spy system of those days, Murliss Green went up high, dived into the middle of the formation, so that the German gunners could not shoot at him without shooting one another, shot one Gotha down, followed it till it landed, and captured it practically intact.

After that, when personnel had changed in the ordinary course of war and the R.A.F. had come into being, our aviators and the French bombed the Bulgars and Austrians out of their positions behind Mount Doiran, and opened the road to Monastir and Austria. The Army suffered thousands of casualties in a frontal attack on hills held by a few machine-guns after the Bulgar retreat had begun, although the R.A.F. told them so.

That bombing, continued by day and night, was a fine piece of work organised by Major Hobbs (if my memory hasn't let me down) on the flying side and Major Hirtzel on the technical side, which assured that aeroplanes, motors, guns, and bombs were always ready for use as soon as the pilots and gunners were ready to start on another raid. A colonel who should have been in command was away sick, so his juniors had their chance—and took it.

Naturally our successes there, in spite of about the worst generalship in the so-called Great World War—till Franchet d'Esperey replaced the insufferable Sarrail, and similar changes were made in the British command—encourage the old army of the Orient to hope that history will repeat itself. It always does, but never in the same way.

There are those who argue that from Greece our bombers can attack Italian Naval positions at Bari, Brindisi and Otranto — which was our Naval Air Service base in the last war. But the Greek aerodromes are so few and so small that we should be putting our consequently small force of bombers within easy reach of the much bigger force which the Germans and Italians could put on the more numerous Italian aerodromes. Nevertheless, we shall use the Greek aerodromes for such raids when the right time happens.

A year ago the only aerodromes in Greece were Tatoi, near Athens, one at Salonika, and one at Larissa. The half dozen auxiliary landing grounds are not fit for big bombers, but probably handy enough for fighters and light bombers.

When the right time does come, our big aerodrome on the island of Cyprus should be useful as a base from which to send bombers to Greece. And we ought to be able from there to knock out the Italian air base and naval base in the island of Rhodes.

As Aristotle said, "the God of War hates those who hesitate," so I hope we shall not hesitate about Greece as we did about getting into Norway before the Germans—if we are going into Greece at all. At the time of writing, the arrival of British troops in Greece has been announced, but not what sort. Cavalry, if we had any, would be more useful than tanks in the hills round Janina — where the Lion came from. On the other hand, I hope that we shall not rush in without being sure of what is behind us, as we did into Belgium, when we left our prepared battle lines in France and opened the gap at Sedan for the lamentable Battle of the Bulge, which reminds me of the nursery jingle—"Algy met a Tiger, The Tiger met Algy, The Tiger was bulgy, The Bulge was Algy." And the bulge swallowed a lot of aeroplanes and Air Force equipment, which ought to have been got out, besides all the Army equipment which could not.

One of the best shows that the R.A.F. has done lately is the bombing of Naples. One is apt to associate Napoli with Capri and Vesuvius and ices—apart from having given *its* name and *his* ancestry to that great Italian Napoleon Bonaparte. But Naples also has important shipyards and a first-class naval air base, all of which are well worth bombing. So Naples is no mere beauty-spot or innocent little provincial town to be bombed for fun, or to break the moral strength of the civil population.

The trip from England across hostile France and neutral France to the Riviera and across the Mediterranean to Naples is about 1,200 miles. From Malta to Naples is less than 400 miles. You may have noticed that the Air Ministry has not told us whence the bombers started, or whether they were R.A.F. or Fleet Air Arm. But either way it was a fine affair—not that I wish any ill to the Italians, who are kindly and amusing people, albeit a trifle too handy with the knife, outside their excellent kitchens—but we must do something to stop this war.

To turn to our affairs at home. The definite slackening of night raiding is interesting, and, for the time being, pleasant. Bad weather may have something to do with it. The first raiders seem to be scouts who signal back whether they can see enough to make worth while their friends' coming along also. At the same time it is possible to recall the early raiders if their aerodromes are becoming mist-bound, and the later raiders may not start for that reason.

Another reason may be that the German High Command has given up us stupid English as a bad job, has dropped the idea of invasion and is shunting the bulk of the *Luftwaffe* off to Greece and perhaps Turkey, for action there.

Another reason, which we all hope may be true, is that accurate bombing by the R.A.F. has so knocked the stuffing out of the German aircraft factories that the High Command has eased up on bombing so that the reduced output may have a chance of replacing losses. That seems almost too good to be true, because there has seldom been a week in which the German losses can have been greater than the output of their factories. Still, although we know how many German bombers and fighters the R.A.F. have sunk in this country, we do not know how many have crashed on the way or on reaching home.

Drawing by Roland Davies

WHEN A VALUABLE LIFE AND AEROPLANE MAY BE SAVED BY A HUMBLE MIRROR: It is often the very simple things that count—in war, as in life generally. For instance, in all the expensive and highly technical components that go to make up a fighter plane, there is probably nothing more important to the pilot when in battle than an ordinary mirror fitted above the windscreen. For in this he can see the deadly approach of an enemy trying to sneak up on his tail. The pilot's sense of hearing is useless above the roar of his powerful motor, and emphasises the value of this modest accessory

Yet another reason, and most encouraging of all, is that we do seem to have found something which stops the night raiders. Night after night they came over and got away without loss. Then they began losing one or two machines—often shot down by fighters in the early dawn, but lately five were brought down in one night.

It was not a very bad night, but there seemed to be few raiders about, so the five mean a higher percentage of loss than the numbers seem to show. The Air Ministry has not told us whether they were brought down by guns or fighters. But, if people who *ought* to know are to be believed, we really have got something which, if it is not a cure for the "catch-'em-alive-o's," is at least what the doctors call "a palliative," and it is so simple and silly that one wants to kick oneself for not having thought of it first.

One happening at home needs comment. The Ministry of Home Security and the assorted Censorships lately let an eminent ecclesiast state, and let our newspapers publish, the number of churches destroyed and the number damaged in the London area by German bombing. Now, one of the first principles of war is to stop the enemy from knowing or even making a good guess at the amount of damage he has done.

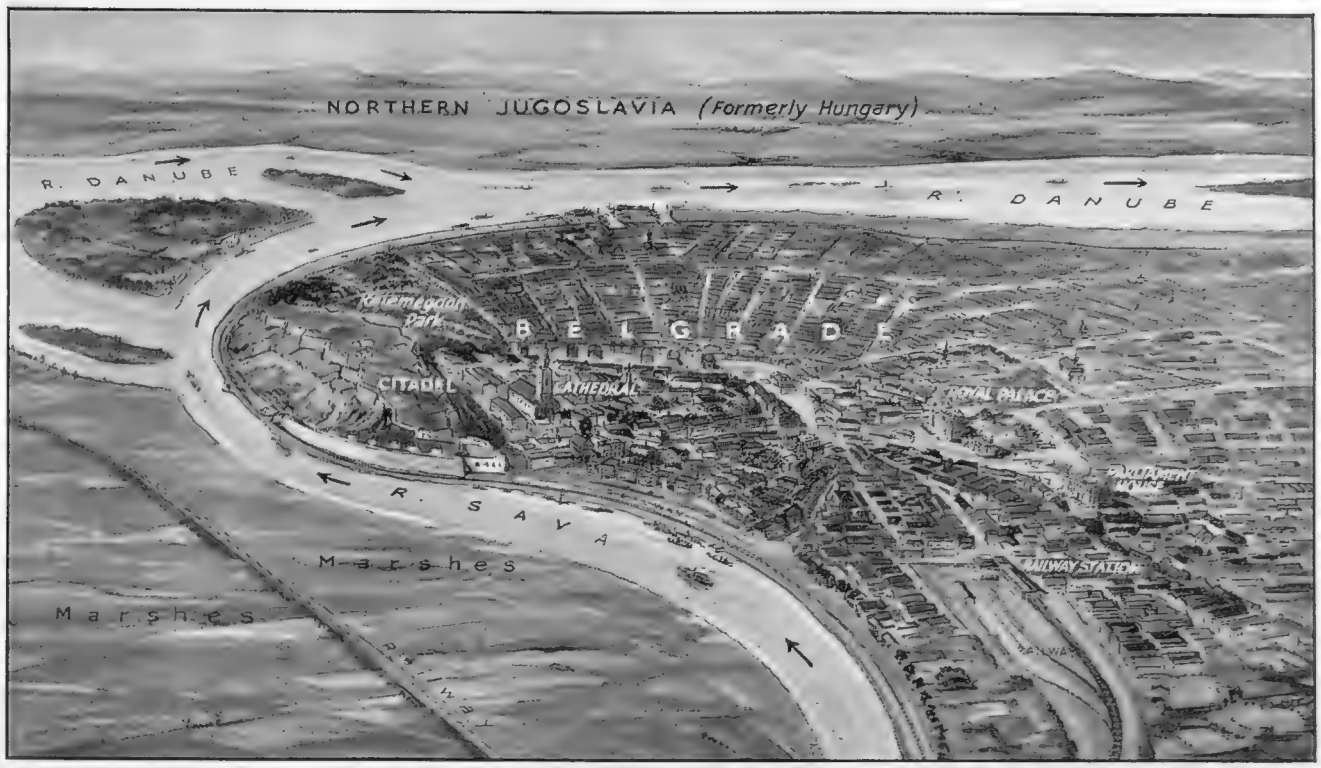
We may assume that the German Intelligence Department, without any need for efficient spying, has a supply of London Street Directories of the issue as near as might be to the declaration of war. So all that the German Intelligence has to do is to count the number of churches in London and the number of houses, work out the ratio of houses to churches, take the ecclesiastical statement, and do a couple of sums in Simple Rule of Three, and there is the answer in destruction of and damage to houses.

A Testing Time for Yugoslavia

A Country on the Edge of the Storm, Which Uses the Fatal Formulæ of the Neutral

DURING the last Great War the Serbians bore themselves bravely, performing heroic deeds of valour, not counting the cost when their country was in danger. They had dared the might of Austria, who was supported by Germany, and refused the humiliating terms which were offered them. Throughout the four years of war they suffered heavily but never gave in, and at the final victory were rewarded with the possession of a territory three times the size of the former Serbia, including Montenegro, Dalmatia, Bosnia and Slovenia.

This achievement had been the passionate ideal which had burned in Serbia ever since she achieved her own freedom from Turkey. But the result has not been one of general ease and happiness, Croats and Slovenes complaining that Serbia took the major part of the government. There were such bitter quarrels in Parliament that King Alexander dissolved it in 1921 and ruled as a dictator. Ten years later representative government was re-established under certain restrictions. King Alexander was murdered in 1935 when on a visit to France, and since then the Regent, Prince Paul, has been trying to reconcile all parties under a more liberal system.



BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA'S CAPITAL, LIES AT THE JUNCTION OF THE SAVA AND THE DANUBE: This bird's-eye view shows how Belgrade lies wholely on the south or right bank of the conjoined rivers. Before the Great War Belgrade was on the northern frontier of Serbia and faced across the river the military forces of Hungary. To-day Belgrade lies deep in Yugoslavian territory

YUGOSLAVIA, THE COMBINATION OF SERBS, CROATS AND SLAVS, which was formed into one national unit after the Great War, is bordered by the Adriatic, Hungary with the natural boundaries of the Drave and the Danube, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece and Albania, with the fatal Axis partners on the extreme North-West

Along with the other Balkan States Yugoslavia announced her neutrality when Hitler attacked Poland, and has been content ever since to preserve this role, so vastly different from her attitude in the Great War. She has watched the overthrow of Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium, still wrapped in this discredited mantle, and now finds herself encircled by an ever encroaching Germany. Her neighbours, Hungary and Rumania, are completely under the control of the Reich, and Bulgaria shows herself willing to fall in with German wishes. Though so much greater in territory, population, and material advantages, Yugoslavia does not seem to possess the clear-eyed courage of old Serbia.

The pro-Axis tendency of the Government has shown itself in the new Corporate system which was announced in July, modelled on Fascist lines. The Croats are not in favour of this movement, saying it is unsuitable for a peasant community. Nearness to the Nazis has shaken the Government to such an extent that they are bent upon full State control "to forestall the disintegration which is expected to follow the collapse of the capitalist regime in Europe."

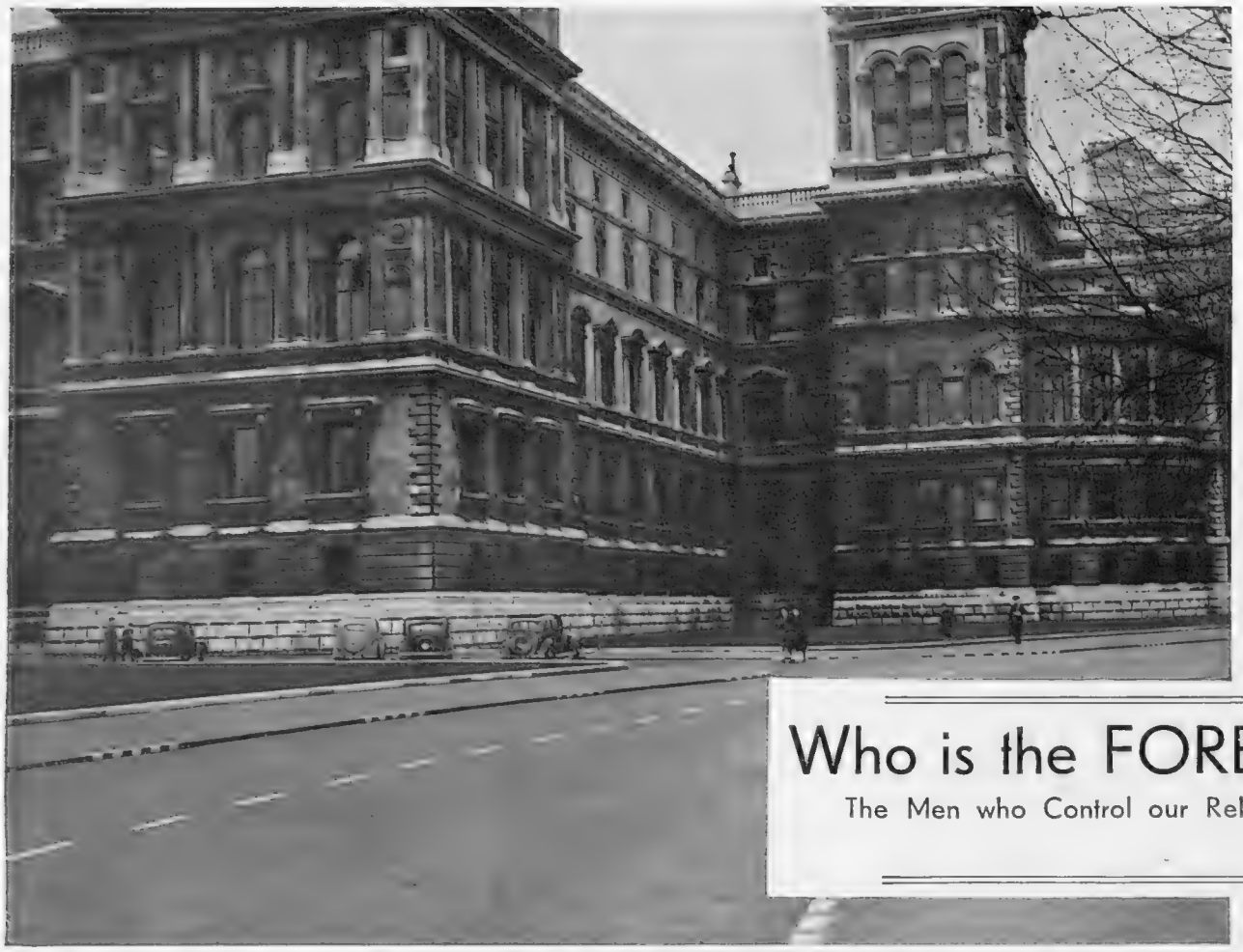
Though noted as one of the great grain-producing countries, Yugoslavia is facing the approaching winter with considerable anxiety. The wheat and maize harvests have been indifferent, with not enough for the country's needs, apart from German demands.

There has been considerable nervousness in Belgrade over the preparations for the arrival of over 100,000 German emigrants from Bessarabia and Bukovina, said to be en route for Germany. Camps have been prepared on an elaborate style.

The Prime Minister on October 22 was most insistent upon neutrality—"We have to-day a clear international situation and our foreign policy must avoid any adventure which might lead us from the peace we now enjoy."

Italy has now forced war upon Greece who has refused to be cowed into submission. If Yugoslavia, clutching frantically to the tattered garment of neutrality, stands aside, she may find that "the peace she now enjoys" is fraught with dire peril to her own independence.

A RACIAL KEY MAP OF YUGOSLAVIA: The Croatian, Slavonian and Slovenian districts are together large in comparison with old Serbia. Montenegro forms part of this racial combination, which is very closely related, but like relations in family life, have vivid quarrels and difficulties to settle. The representation of each race in Parliament at Belgrade has been a matter of dangerous dispute



The British Foreign Office, Whitehall—as seen from the Green Park

Who is the FOREIGN OFFICE?

The Men who Control our Relations with Foreign Powers

By GORDON BECKLES

MR. BUTLER, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has had to rise in the House of Commons and point out that for the past eighteen years candidates for Foreign Office posts "were not restricted to any particular class of the community." This answered one of many current criticisms of the administrative efficiency of the Foreign Office.

Few Government departments enjoy greater privacy than the somewhat grim block of buildings cornering the Horse Guards Parade. If it is to be picked to pieces in the manner enjoyed recently by the Ministry of Information—which several critics threaten to do directly the war is won—it will be a long and arduous task.

Meanwhile, most people still look upon the Foreign Office as a sort of machine, the mechanics of which are strange creatures (most of them of noble birth) who wear soft black hats and know their Proust by heart. How far is this true?

First of all, you must know who it is who really administers the foreign policy of the country. It used to be Sir Robert Vansittart, but he has been promoted to Chief Diplomatic Adviser. The Permanent Under-Secretary of State is the Hon. Sir Alexander Cadogan, who is nearly everything that the Trade Union Congress recently deplored. He is fifty-six, the son of an earl and married to the daughter of another earl. He is both Eton and Oxford. It is in his power to appoint ambassadors, recall others and pension them. By the very nature of his calling he has tremendous power over changing political Foreign Secretaries. No statesman can afford to openly defy his advice. He is essentially a Foreign Office man, as distinct from a diplomat, although since 1914 the two sides of the service have been interchangeable. Thus Sir Alexander has been Ambassador to China, although his real career has been in Whitehall.

He got his present job two years ago, when Sir Robert Vansittart was moved, and it is worth £3,000 a year, by no means too much when you consider his responsibility. He took over the Foreign Office at the start of a period of upheaval.

Never before in its history have there been so many out-of-work ambassadors and ministers. If you want to send a telegram to our envoys, say, to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Italy, Norway, Belgium and Denmark you just address it care of "Prodrome" (the Foreign Office telegraphic address) and pay home rates. They are all there, or lent temporarily to other war-time Government agencies; and in some instances our envoys to foreign Governments just take a bus at the corner of Parliament Square when they wish to talk to the Prime Minister concerned. There is a whole department now concerned with the "neutrals," as they are still euphemistically called.

The traditional arrangement of the countries of the world has undergone a decided change in recent years.

It used to be thus: the American department handled the affairs of the Americans, both north and south. The Central dealt with our embassies and legations in Central Europe, Italy and the Balkans. The Northern handled the business of the Soviet, the Baltic countries, Scandinavia, Poland and—with a touch of whimsey—Afghanistan; and with our ambassadors and ministers in those countries. Then there was the Egyptian (which had its own service of Dragomen, conversant with Levantine languages), the Eastern and the Far Eastern.

France, Spain, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland constituted the important department of Western. Because of the Foreign Office's ties with the Quai d'Orsay this was a section which held the reins of power, just as our Ambassador to Paris in time of peace was at the top of the tree, and was paid more than the Permanent Under-Secretary who had appointed him from London.

But not long ago the changing map of Europe called for a regrouping of countries. In the Southern department were placed Italy, the Balkans, Greece, and Turkey. This is the most active department at present. In its files are the whole muddled story of the Mediterranean, brought up to date by the daily dispatches from the British Minister in Athens.

The man who supervises this department is the same age as his chief, Sir Alexander Cadogan, to whom he is deputy. His name is unknown to the great public whom he serves. It is Sir Orme Sargent, a Radley man who entered the Foreign Office in 1906. He typifies the executive who is so much criticised as being aloof from the realities of life; he is suave, calm-eyed, and listens more than he talks—which, of course, is his job.

He has with him in the multifarious task of dealing with Britain's foreign affairs (and a Dominions department concerned with informing other members of the Commonwealth what move we are, or are not, making next) a peace-time staff of about 600 men and women. Of these nearly half are women, doing copying and filing work which was once deputed to young gentlemen whose costly education and [illegible] swotting qualified them to years of penn[illegible] and duties now performed in ordinary business [illegible] little girls at 30s. a week.

Those were the days, still surviving at the turn of the century, when a Foreign Office post provided an amiable extension of Balliol and Trinity life, nearer to the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia. Hours were short, lunches were long, and sometimes weeks would pass in some departmental backwater before the arrival of a diplomatic bag provided a little real work. Desk cricket was popular, the writing of French verse a diversion, and everything was palmy and Palmerston.

In the struggle to maintain our status in Europe all that passed. Hours are now long, time for amusement short. The Foreign Office for the past twenty years has considered itself the hardest working in Whitehall.

The establishment naturally varies, but might be listed somewhat in the following style:—

5 Assistant Under-Secretaries at £1,700.
12 Counsellors at £1,150–£1,500.
17 First Secretaries at £800–£1,100.
22 Second and Third Secretaries at £275–£625.

It is as a Third Secretary that a young man begins his diplomatic career, rising either in Whitehall or in posts abroad to the rank of Counsellor, which is equivalent to a Minister in a Legation. Of the dozen Counsellors one might take Mr. R. W. A. Leeper as a specimen of the newer type of diplomat. He is fifty-two and can be described as only incidentally an Oxford man. He was born and educated in Melbourne, and got his foothold in Downing Street during the last war. In five years he had risen—and, by Foreign Office tradition, it was a quick rise—to the status of a First Secretary, and was posted to our Legation in Warsaw. He wandered about Europe, and finally came to anchor as a Counsellor seven years ago, when he was forty-five.

THE RIGHT HON. R. A. BUTLER, P.C., M.P.: Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since 1938, and M.P. for Saffron Walden since 1929. He was born in India in 1902, and was educated at Marlborough and Cambridge; Under-Secretary of State at the India Office, 1932; and Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour, 1937

LORD HALIFAX, K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.: Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since 1938. Born in 1881, educated at Eton and Oxford. He was Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1921; President of the Board of Education in 1922; Minister of Agriculture in 1924; Viceroy of India, 1926–31; President of the Board of Education, 1932; Secretary of State for War, 1935; Lord Privy Seal, 1935; Lord President, 1937

SIR ROBERT GILBERT VANSITTART, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.: Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Foreign Secretary since 1938. He is fifty-nine years of age and was educated at Eton. He became Assistant Clerk at the Foreign Office in 1914, First Secretary in 1919, Counsellor in the Diplomatic Service in 1920, Secretary to Lord Curzon in 1920, Assistant Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Principal Private Secretary to the Prime Minister in 1928, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office in 1930, until 1938

THE HON. SIR ALEXANDER GEORGE MONTAGU CADOGAN, G.C.M.G.: Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since 1938. He is fifty-six years of age, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. He was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Peiping in 1933, and became Ambassador in 1935. In 1936 he became Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He is the younger son of the Fifth Earl Cadogan and was married in 1912 to Lady Theodosia Acheson, daughter of the Fourth Earl of Gosford

A fellow Counsellor is Sir John Brenan. When you read that Britain considers so-and-so about China, and will shortly do such-and-such a thing, you can be quite sure that the idea has either originated or been approved by Brenan. He is the Foreign Office's—and that means Britain's—greatest expert on Chinese affairs. He was born into the Chinese Service, and has spent his whole career dealing with China. Brenan is a consular man.

A few years ago it would have been unusual to find a man in high office in Whitehall diplomacy who had never functioned, no matter how humbly, in an embassy. The Consular Service was then in a position corresponding to Grammar School in relation to a Public School. Nowadays the division between the two services is vanishing to the point of non-existence; has the division between the two services controlled by the Foreign Office, although it still flourishes at odd moments.

The United States throws the two branches into the limelight for those interested in trying to distinguish just what makes a diplomat and what characterises a consul. For, in peace-time, the British Consuls in America are much more in the public eye, much more important in the communal life of the great cities, than the occupant of the red brick mansion which Britain built for itself in Washington out of the profits from an astute real estate deal. In peace-time, one says, because in war-time British Prime Ministers have had the habit of appointing to Washington men with no Foreign Office training.

The present Ambassador, Lord Lothian, was engaged in South African railway problems at the time that his contemporaries were sitting for their diplomatic examinations after months of stern cramming. Sir Auckland Geddes was a professor of anatomy at a Canadian University when Lloyd George made him Ambassador to Washington in the immediate post-war days.

On the other side of the picture we have the United States not only grouping its diplomats and consuls as one, but paying greater attention to the political side of its major appointments. In the Foreign Office scheme of affairs a man is moved to Ankara, or Teheran, or Tokyo as a matter of routine. This writer talked only this spring with a young British diplomat, in charge of a European mission, who had only arrived a few days before and had never been in the country to which he had been posted from the other side of the world. Nor did he know its language. Perhaps it is this point upon which most of the criticism of the Foreign Office centres. What makes a diplomat? What is the best way of ascertaining his qualifications? Are the present methods the best?

The American system of making ambassadorships political appointments has its points, if employed with discretion. On the other hand, behind these men of character and personality are always other professional men with knowledge and training.

The Foreign Office remains a model of what a foreign office should be if one assumes the old model as being the best. It is housed in an 1860 building just too late for Palmerston, but just in time for Salisbury. Its corridors have a gaslight, fog, and hansom cab aura more than ever apparent now, when so much of its business is either non-existent or diverted.

One of its foster children, the Department of Overseas Trade, has been largely weaned away by the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and even its Dominions department is conscious that the Dominions themselves have rapidly growing diplomatic services of their own.

But the Foreign Office remains aloof and suave. It costs the country about half a million a year (inclusive of twelve King's Messengers at £600 each) and its permanent head knows all the secrets of the Secret Service.

Having got so far, and said so much, here is what that well-known authority—*Whitaker*—has to say in its very concise summary of the constitution of the Foreign Office:

"The Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs was created in 1782, superseding the ancient Secretary for the Northern Department of Europe (as the Officer had been called since 1688). He is assisted by three Under-Secretaries (two Parliamentary, the other Permanent), one Deputy-Under-Secretary and four Assistant Under-Secretaries, Legal Advisers, thirteen Counsellors, a Librarian, and a staff of Clerks. The chief functions, in addition to the formal duties, are receiving and answering communications from individuals or other Government Departments, from Diplomatic and Consular Agents of this country or others, and in determining the policy of the country towards Foreign Powers. The administrative expenses of the Foreign Office were estimated at £106,143 in 1938." [This latter figure does not, of course, by a long way represent the total cost to the country of the Foreign Office and its ramifications!]

The actual fabric of the Foreign Office (of which a good impression is given on these pages) was constructed between the years 1868–73. The building formed part of a new scheme for a Governmental office block designed by that famous architect of the Victorian era, Sir George Gilbert Scott. And the Foreign Office is a fine example of the typical architecture of that period.

Many memorable receptions and banquets have taken place in its vast halls. To-day, as a new departure, a flat for the private use of Lord Halifax is being built—so that he can actually "live on the job."

SIR ORME GARTON SARGENT, K.C.M.G.: Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office and in charge of the Southern Department. He is fifty-six years of age and was educated at Radley. He entered the Foreign Office in 1906; served at the British Legation, Berne, in 1917–19; was with the British delegation at the Peace Conference in Paris in 1919; served at the British Embassy in Paris in 1920–26. He returned to the Foreign Office in Whitehall in 1926. He is now in charge of affairs in Italy, the Balkans, Greece, and Turkey

BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, LORD LOTHIAN: Formerly known as Mr. Philip Kerr, P.C., C.H., M.A., Lord Lothian was appointed to Washington in 1939, after the war had started. He is fifty-eight years of age, was educated at the Oratory School, Birmingham, and New College, Oxford. He was Mr. Lloyd George's secretary, 1916–21; Secretary of the Rhodes Trust, 1925–29; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1931; Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the India Office, 1931–32; Chairman of the Indian Franchise Committee, 1932. He is a big landowner and is the owner of 28,000 acres in Britain

SIR JOHN FITZGERALD BRENAN, K.C.M.G.: Adviser on Chinese affairs at the Foreign Office since 1937. He is fifty-seven years of age; was educated at Denstone College and in Switzerland; became a Student Interpreter in Siam in 1903; was transferred to China in 1905. In 1913 he became Vice-Consul at Tientsin, Pro-Consul at Foochow in 1914; First Class Assistant at Peiping in 1917; Acting Consul at Nanking in 1919; Acting Consul at Shanghai in 1922; Acting Consul-General at Canton in 1926; Consul-General at Shanghai, 1929

An ESCAPE from the WAR

A Note on "First Appearances"; Some Casual Remarks About Knowledge of Various Kinds

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.—It is probably true that among artists the actor most surely and clearly recalls his first appearance before the public. The great actor, singer or dancer has a shorter claim in the public consciousness than has a writer of prose or verse, a painter or an architect. The former class have for impressing their art on the public a life conterminous with their own lives. Thereafter their art lives only in the memories of those who enjoyed it. But books, pictures and buildings live on long after the artists who created them are a handful of grey ashes.

That is no doubt one reason why actors, singers and dancers more jealously treasure in memory the first tremendous experience of public appearance. Their art and their life end simultaneously. They cannot bank on the future and accordingly invest with more importance the history and achievements of their lives while life lasts. I imagine a large majority of actors could give you chapter and verse for their first appearance on the boards "without notice of the question."

The publication of a first poem, article, or book is a tremendous experience, too; but in the case of authors it is an experience which can be proved to be far less vivid and more ephemeral. I doubt if 50 per cent. of living writers could tell me off-hand the date and nature of their first publication.

Much research has gone to the rediscovery of the first appearance of many notable writers. In 1833 (the year in which Browning published his first poem *Pauline*) Dickens printed his first story, but that fact has not been re-established without much spilling of ink and burning of midnight oil. In December, 1833, there appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* a story or sketch by an anonymous writer called "A Dinner at Poplar Walk." Three years later, in the second series of *Sketches by Boz*, the story reappeared under the title of *Mr. Minns and his Cousin*, with unimportant alterations. Incidentally, the same year, 1833, saw the publication of Tennyson's *Poems*. This was his second publication. His first, *Poems, chiefly lyrical*, had appeared in 1830.

In the same year, 1833, the second series of *The Essays of Elia* came out, and it is not unlikely that one of Thackeray's first published pieces came out in *Fraser's* or *Punch* in that *annus mirabilis* of literary springs, which followed so closely on the death of Walter Scott. What was Scott's first appearance in book form? Lockhart tells us at the beginning of chapter eight of his great *Life* that in October, 1796, Scott was "prevailed on by the request of friends to indulge his own vanity by publishing the translation of *Lenore*, with that of *The Wild Huntsman*, also from Bürger, in a thin quarto." But I fancy he had seen himself in print before in more ephemeral form.

But—to forsake the giants for the small fry—I wish I could recall my own first public appearance in print. Was it a poem on Kenilworth Castle in a local paper? Was it a trifle that passed Owen Seaman's small-mesh net of kindly and careful criticism in *Punch*? Or was it my first book of 100 pages printed by the old firm of Elkin Mathews when I was at Oxford? I cannot be sure.

Knowledge.—I suppose that everyone whose business it is to teach is fortified and stimulated by faith that knowledge never dies; that alone of the harvest of men's toil knowledge of any subject is indestructible and cannot be wasted effort. Without that faith it would be impossible to continue in the profession of teaching or to maintain an interest in learning.

Most of what the average man learns, he forgets—that must be admitted. It is what remains somewhere in the net of his memory that counts as knowledge and his never-wasting asset. Macaulays are rare phenomena and most of us only retain a tithe of what we have learned. Indeed, in my experience, every item of knowledge acquired is a wasting asset unless constantly brushed up. Only the poetry learned in childhood and the morse code are indubitably knowledge which remains to me without watchful refurbishing on my part. But much of the rest is valuable as half-knowledge, that is to say, the spade-work, the invaluable spade-work, has been done and the vein of gold can readily be attacked swiftly again. I know where to look for information on a score of subjects and that is the longest part of the struggle for knowledge. And exploration quickly rediscovers remembered landmarks.

I little thought in 1919, when I laid my khaki away, that I should ever again be called on to use such knowledge as I once gained concerning the principles of electricity and the field telephone, of map reading, of message writing or of the use of ground. Yet even before another war came, my rudimentary knowledge of electricity often served me in mild domestic crises at home, and alike in sport and journalism the other crumbs of knowledge have helped me to attain such measure of success as came to me.

Then again, the gaps in my education—which was absurdly expensive and grossly ineffective (I fancy my father spent something like £3,500 on my education between the ages of ten and twenty-one)—have never ceased to hamper me. I was never taught the rudiments of geography, or of any nation's history but my own, and that very patchily; and my education in mathematics ended where it should well have begun. Of geometry, botany, or natural science I never gained a scintilla. Later on, I made up some of the lost ground, at least in the study of history. The writing of biography compelled me to do so, and at various times I acquired some knowledge of the Elizabethan age, and of the eras of Waterloo and of the Reform Bill.

When the need for knowledge of these periods passed, I forgot a great deal of what I had learned of them. But that knowledge did not in fact perish. It cannot perish. Not a year passes but in my reading I realise the value of the spade work. The vein of gold is always uncovered. The spade-work remains done, and I find I can read with understanding books which treat of the periods so covered.

And so it is that, as to-day I get down (rather reluctantly perhaps) to teaching rudiments and scraps of knowledge on military subjects again to those who possess even less than I, and to observing the slow progress of my pupils, I am sustained by my certainty that no crumb so served out falls to the ground or is obliterated underfoot.

Men die and the works of men perish with time or the assaults of enemies; but knowledge, however fragmentary, however rudimentary, is imperishable, a lasting asset to its possessor which may lie dormant but never lies dead. It is a comforting reflection to-day; perhaps the most comforting to be found and revealed.

Another Kind of Knowledge.—Knowledge or ignorance of another kind—knowledge of our friends' doings, thoughts, circumstances and aspirations—depends in normal times on our own sympathy and, to an extent, leisure.

A man is hurt if, on returning to his club after two years spent in Australia, an old acquaintance receives him back with "Hullo, old boy; been away for the week-end?" He rather despises his friend as a backwoodsman if that friend reveals a total ignorance of his latest success. If he has recently published a book which the critics have praised or the public read with avidity, he expects his friends to know all about it—and he is often disappointed. If one has just been married or received the accolade, or the George Cross, or even the M.B.E., one rather expects to be greeted with applause by one's intimates, and if these intimates have failed to appreciate one's hour of fame, one is disappointed in them, and indeed in their intelligence.

That is human nature and a common experience with most of us. But to-day in war-time, one has less strong ground for criticising the ignorance of one's friends concerning one's doings. We are all so busy. Letters are a trouble to write, take longer time in the post and indeed cost much money to send, in stamps and stationery. The newspapers are much less interested in personal paragraphs. Club life is no longer freely enjoyed, and the chance of picking up news or gossip concerning friends is not readily available.

Occasionally I find time to remember my friends and acquaintances, and the review causes me to blush for my ignorance. I can count a score of friends, relations or close acquaintances with whose doings and circumstances in normal times I should be completely *au fait* through various means of information. To-day I know no more about them than Belgian refugees last summer knew of their nearest and dearest.

I don't know if my god-children are alive or dead, married or single. I don't know where my London friends are living—if living at all. I don't know if my literary friends are writing books or shooting Huns. I don't know if my relations are living in their homes or picking their household goods out of craters.

I am no more busy (no doubt, though I doubt it) and no more self-centred and unsympathetic than the next man, but—there it is. I am to-day a man with a fairly wide circle of intimates, and I know no more about their lives and doings and circumstances than did Crusoe or any other hermit of his kith. And that is a bitter (and perhaps needless) addition to the boredom and drabness of human life in war-time.

If there be a remedy I make many excuses for failing to find the cure. I sometimes tell myself sadly that it lies at the door of my friends—if they have a door. But no doubt the blame must in truth be borne fifty-fifty.

J. G.

BRATHAY PARK AT WINDERMERE IS NOW "A GIFT TO THE NATIONAL TRUST": The National Trust has announced that through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Scott, restrictive covenants will be placed on a large part of the Brathay Hall Estate at the head of Windermere. The property which is to be preserved includes the parkland in front of Brathay Hall, the whole of its lakeshore and the fir-clad Brathay Rocks. Roughly the protection will cover a mile of lake frontage, the north-west head of Windermere. The shore-line here, says the National Trust, is of great beauty in itself, for man has here mixed his art with nature and has produced exquisite landscape planning. More important still, this shore-line with gently rising ground behind it is the foreground to that noble view from the east side of Windermere into which come the great Fells which form the distant head of Langdale Pikes. This view is of great renown; it is the preface to the Lake District for all who enter it from the south, and for its middle distance to have been built up and made suburban would have spoiled a great thing in which all have pleasure. This picture shows part of the area affected, looking from Brathay Park across Windermere to Waterhead

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AT THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION: American journalists who were accorded an interview with Mr. Duff Cooper are here seen with the Minister. Before going to the Ministry of Information earlier this year, Mr. Duff Cooper had held office as Financial Secretary to the War Office, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Secretary of State for War, and First Lord of the Admiralty

ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH DAMAGED IN AN AIR RAID: This historic old church in the Strand is famous as the "Oranges and Lemons" church of the nursery rhyme. It is one of the most beautiful Wren churches of London, and in its railed-off enclosure is this statue of the famous Dr. Johnson. The exterior has been sadly damaged by bomb blast. The famous bells are being removed and part of the spire may have to be taken down

A SHEPHERD'S VISION IN THE SKY: Just as in the last war, when the "Angel of Mons" was witnessed at a critical moment in that war's progress, so in this: Old Fred Fowler, a sixty-six-year-old shepherd of the Sussex Downs, has had a vision. He, with other villagers of Firle, near Lewes, claims to have seen the figure of Christ, with six angels, in the sky —"the like of which I never see before," he declares

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

SELF-PORTRAITS OF THE FAMOUS

Autobiography and Reminiscence : A New "Whiteoaks" Novel : Dr. Snow Begins Some Chronicles : and Georgette Heyer Reverts to Type

MR. ELY CULBERTSON and Mr. (or should it be Dr.?) George Sava have a thing or two in common. Both have Russian parents; the one has written his autobiography and the other his reminiscences, which are approximately the same thing; and the two books are published within a day or two of each other by the same publisher.

"Nitchevo," says George Sava, "is a preposterous word. It used to be said that Nitchevo was a stronger tyrant than the Tsar in Moscow. Nitchevo was everywhere. In the civil service, in business, in pleasure, in immorality, in marriages, in houses. Everywhere. Nitchevo was a little tin god whom every Russian used to worship much like a sacred ikon. It means literally, 'Well, never mind.' Better still perhaps, 'Well, and who cares?'"

"No matter what happened," says Ely Culbertson, "the Russian workers would shrug their shoulders and say, 'Nitchevo!'"

Both of the gentlemen, famous in other spheres, have turned author in order to tell us about themselves and their experiences. Both of them, as is natural, dwell lingeringly upon their Russian origins and the Russian scene. And there the similarity ceases.

In **TWICE THE CLOCK ROUND** (Faber. 8s. 6d.), Mr. George Sava, whose experiences as a surgeon are familiar through his other works, takes the reader through twenty-four hours of his professional life. Being a writer of some dramatic and descriptive talent, he also soliloquises by the way, and indulges in some philosophical adventures, as well as some reflections on the past.

It is all very good personal stuff, and interesting, because here is a man of action, following a profession which touches intimately, at some time, the lives of nearly all of us.

Mr. Ely Culbertson, on the other hand, is the most famous bridge player in the world. If there is such a thing as a champion of the world at bridge, he is it. Mr. Culbertson is also remarkable in that he not only was able to beat all comers at a card game but was able to turn his skill into big business and to make a fortune at it.

THE STRANGE LIVES OF ONE MAN (Faber. 15s.) not only tells how it was done but it deals very thoroughly, and at some length, with all sorts of other sides of Mr. Culbertson's character, his life, his birth, his adventures, his family, his opinions and a very careful analysis of his own character.

This, in synopsis, runs as follows:—

"The Epicurean, *a connoisseur of the pleasures of the senses.*

"The Idealist, *who seeks goals beyond the other Elys.*

"The Child, *that part of the adult Ely who has never grown up.*

"The Family Man, *a charter member of the herd.*

"The Business Manager, *who hunts and seeks to provide the material means for other Elys.*

"The Celebrity, *the famous bridge authority, a creation of the* Business Manager.

"The Philosopher, *who serves as a combination referee, compass and balance wheel.*"

It is a very long book, for Mr. Ely Culbertson has a great deal to tell and a lot more to say. Since he is now before us as A Writer it is perhaps not inapposite to take this sample:

"My mother's people were as Russian as the giant and toothsome sturgeon that rush from the cold North down the many-mouthed Volga to lay their caviare in the great Caspian lake."

To which some may be tempted to retort, having learned the word, Nitchevo!

Now Mr. Henry Green makes no claim to popular recognition other than as a writer. His self-portrait **PACK MY BAG** (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.) is also of the stuff of autobiography.

He begins in the beginning. "I was born a mouthbreather with a silver spoon in 1905, three years after one war and nine before another, too late for both."

That is the first sentence in the book, and it is important. Either you are going to care about Mr. Green's breathing habits and the social condition indicated by the spoon, in which case you are going on to learn all about his nursery days, his childhood, his prep school, his public school, his undergraduate adventures at Oxford, his prowess at billiards, his thoughts on hunting, shooting and on working in the family factory, or you are not. In the latter case you may not get much farther than this sentence.

"She lived in one of a row of cottages below that lawn my mother had used Poole to shoot."

Poole, it should be explained, was the gardener. His mother did not shoot the lawn, nor Poole, but at the mangel wurzels which Poole was compelled to bowl across the lawn so that his mother could take pot shots at them.

Which, you may agree, makes it difficult for a reader whose passing interest in this self-portraitist is that he is supposed to be a writer. The trick of style, of course, can easily be assimilated and the thread of meaning pursued if at the same time the reader can be cajoled into an interest in the trivia of childhood and adolescence even though it be pitched between two wars, called respectively Boer and Great. Nitchevo!

To those who know and care a lot about Grey Owl, and they are numbered by tens of thousands, **MY LIFE WITH GREY OWL** (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) by Anahero will be a book to acquire and to treasure. For Anahero was the heroine of *Pilgrims of the Wild*, and it was with him she took the vow "never again to take the life of a defenceless animal."

It is also her life story and their love story. It is simply and directly told, and if it adds more to the legend than to our knowledge of the man himself, that, after all, is the purpose of the book.

Turning to fiction we find, in **WHITEOAK HERITAGE** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), the current Book Society choice. Miss Mazo de la Roche has now written seven books in the Whiteoaks series, of which, chronologically, this is the second. It is also the first book about Jalna since 1936.

Assuming that most people know all about the Whiteoaks family, this novel is to be recommended as being one of the best in the series. Those who have yet to be introduced to Miss de la Roche will find it difficult, later, to resist the rest.

Dr. C. P. Snow is no tyro at the art of fiction although the record of his other works is nowhere to be found in the pages of **STRANGERS AND BROTHERS** (Faber. 8s. 6d.).

This, we are informed, is to be the first of a group of four big novels. In joining the ranks of the chroniclers Dr. Snow has set himself an ambitious task. To do it well, it is necessary to bring character and action to the point of sustained continuity.

Now this book belongs emphatically to the school of what Mr. H. G. Wells has called the novel of ideas. In that class it can be ranked a first rate. Dr. Snow surveys a decade, pregnant with interest, with the cool incisiveness of scientist. His arguments, discussions, and speculations are provocative and stimulating. The talk is good (the book is mainly dialogue) but it argues few of the characters into any semblance of real life. Even George Passant, whose story it is, goes in and out of focus with the interchange of ideas and in the implied subtleties of the development of the social scene.

At the end of this book one has learned a lot about Dr. Snow but not so much about his story and less about his characters. Personally I enjoyed the book well enough to want to read it again, so that when the next one comes along I shall be eager to go to it. But if Dr. Snow aspires to be a chronicler, he had better set about giving his people a chance to come alive.

In recent years Miss Georgette Heyer has been steadily building a reputation as an historical novelist. Books like *An Infamous Army* and *Royal Escape* have placed her in the front rank both for their scholarship and dramatic treatment. Miss Heyer in her time has also written some prodigious best-sellers.

THE CORINTHIAN (Heinemann. 8s.) is a frank and unashamed reversion to that type of "romance." In it Miss Heyer proves once more that she can turn out a good yarn and employ all the tricks, devices and historical hokum which go to make up a successful novel in this *genre*. It is such good, rollicking stuff; so absolutely unrelated to anything outside the realm of pure entertainment, that it is a welcome diversion in times like these.

As an antidote to war weariness *The Corinthian* is an excellent prescription.

So, indeed, is the new Agatha Christie, **ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE** (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.), at the beginning of which we find our old friend Hercule Poirot shivering in a dentist's chair, every bit as craven and cowardly in that position as the next man.

Where Poirot is, the murderer cannot be far behind, and surely enough it is at the dentist's he is bumped off. Three, Four, Shut the Door. Five, Six, Picking up Sticks. And so on through another ingenious plot.

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Sunday Times, Aug. 18

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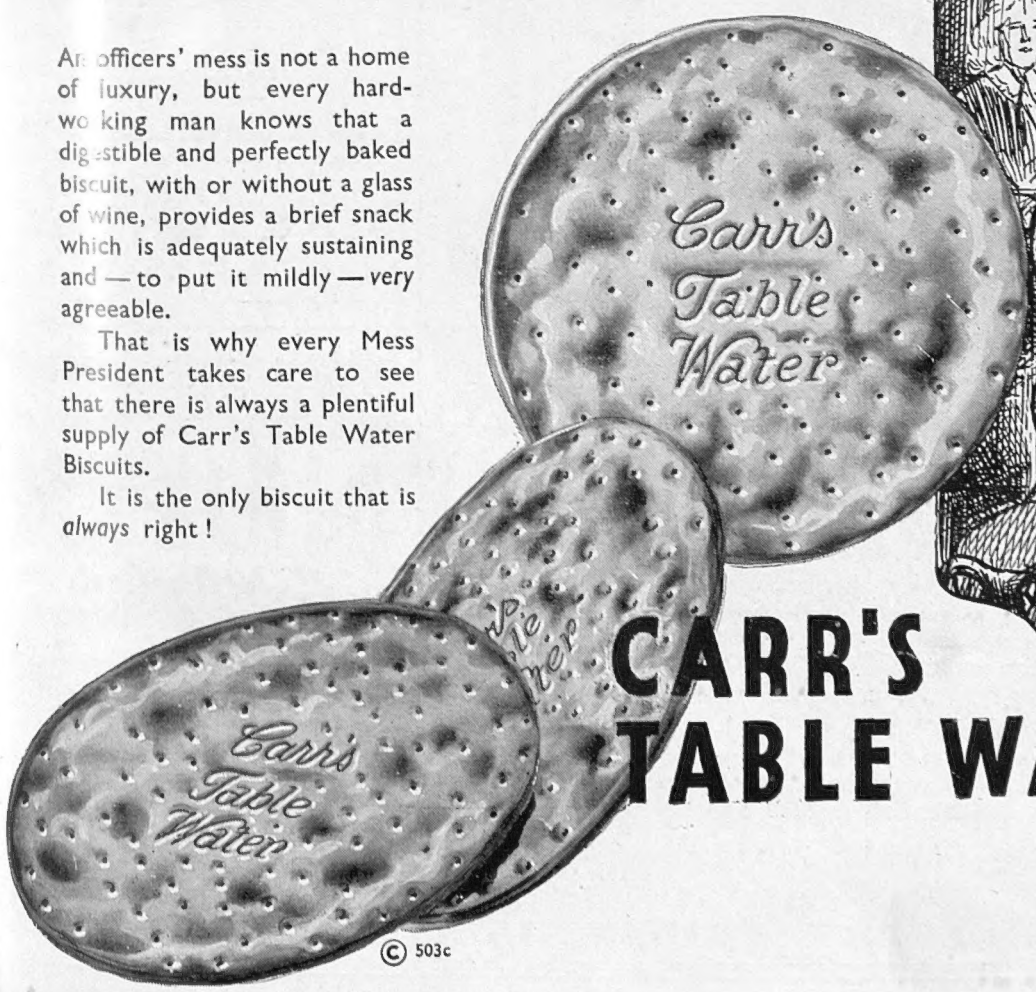

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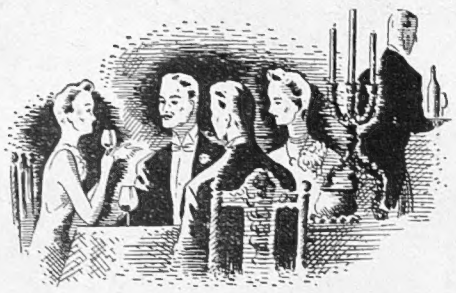

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

WIDECOMBE-IN-THE-MOOR was at one time popularly supposed to be a favourite haunt of the Devil, so if, in conjunction with this knowledge, you were to read *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*, published in 1897, you might well be forgiven for giving Widecombe a wide berth, for Mr. Arthur H. Norway wrote as follows: "The plain truth is that it needs a cheerful temper and a stout heart to visit Widecombe. . . . there is no vice within the reach of roads that these byways do not follow. They are steep beyond description; they are never level; it is impossible to ride up or down them . . ." and so on. All of this refers to forty years ago. On October 15, 1940, I wended my way to Widecombe; not on Tom Pearce's grey mare, nor was I bound for the fair.

My destination was the Old Inn, which I mentioned in these columns a few weeks back as being under the supervision of Miss Wade-Walker whom many will remember at Clematis Cottage, Washington, Sussex. The Devil has long since evacuated from Widecombe. The macadam roads are now so well made that I did the 7-mile journey from Bovey Tracey in twice as many minutes, and the corners and gradients are so smooth that I switched off the engine, slipped into neutral, and free-wheeled right down to the front door of the Old Inn.

As I wandered round this delightful relic of the fourteenth century, guarding my head from the beams, stepping down one step then up two, I reflected that even war has its compensations, for in peace-time who would contemplate wintering in Widecombe, in the very heart of Dartmoor? Yet, why not? Provided that you can appreciate simplicity, scenery, soft beds, savoury food, and sparkling log fires, the Old Inn at Widecombe at 3 guineas a week is value that would be hard to beat.

What does simplicity mean exactly? Here are the facts quite simply. A candle at bed time; no hot and cold water in the bedrooms; no "spacious lounges and other trimmings that go with larger establishments; no shops to speak of, and a bus service into Bovey and Newton Abbot that in winter is only occasional. So much for the "cons" and I think we have said enough to put off any really sophisticated people who only like their simplicity from a distance.

We will now deal with the "pros" but in case there are more people about looking for such peaceful simple quarters than I thought, we will start with a word of warning—there are only seven bedrooms to be filled. But what dear little country bedrooms they are. How tastefully each room has been decorated; what luxuriously soft beds; what heavenly views of the moor from the casement windows, and piping hot water in the spotless bathrooms. Downstairs in the cosy sitting-rooms and the little dining-room which was once the old Tap Room, there are Parker Knoll chairs; a friendly warmth from log fires, and on the wettest day, when it seems as though the Devil might be abroad once more, cheerfulness and comfort pervade the atmosphere within.

There are days, especially in November, when Dartmoor is blazing with colour, and she calls to you to bestir yourself in a dozen different ways.

There is this and that Tor to be visited on foot, or ponies can be had from a local farm for rough-riding; there is good fishing at Dartmeet, five miles away; in fact, the days can pass all-too quickly if you are a real country lover.

And then comes meal time; it is fortunate that cooking is Miss Wade-Walker's hobby; the more difficulty there is in war-time rationing, the more intriguing the menus that appear. On the day I arrived for a pot-luck lunch we had gamecock with a white sauce, and all lovers of cooking who have tasted it will remain unsatisfied until they have the recipe. There is a vegetable garden which prolifically supplies the "fruits of the earth," and how the Dartmoor ponies love to trespass if they get a chance!

It is a *sine qua non* that where there is real appreciation of good food there is also selectivity in wines. At the Old Inn, Widecombe, I found a Nuit St. George, 1933, listed at 6s. 6d.; a Crofts, 1923, 8s. 6d.; and two vintages of St. Emilion at 4s. 6d.; while, if you are just a beer drinker, they know the secret of proper conditioning for draught ale.

Of Widecombe's history, her church, the mother church of the moor, her village hall, preserved by the National Trust, and the locals past and present, this is not the place to write; let it suffice to say that if you would seek solace from modern warfare, be it for a short or a long time, you might well emulate Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all, by setting out for Widecombe and the Old Inn, for I can assure you that you will have a better journey than those eight grown men of the song, and most certainly a homely welcome when you arrive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. M., London.—I am sorry to have let you in for unnecessary trouble as regards Gogarth Abbey Hotel, Llandudno; it wasn't until my article recommending it had gone to press that I heard indirectly that it had been "taken over"; such happenings usually occur very suddenly, and though I am better informed than most people as to what is going on, I cannot guarantee that I shall not be let down again.

P. T., Kent.—You want to go South but not too far South? I recommend that you try Bourne Hall, Bournemouth; this is not a "banned" district for people who wish to make it "duration headquarters" and this hotel, beside being a very cheery and comfortable one, is near the West Station, and just far enough from the town's shopping centre to be peaceful.

S. D. R., London.—I can certainly sympathise with you in wanting to get out of London, and I would suggest that Alverton Manor, Penzance, is the place for which you are looking. It is not large, but strategically placed for beautiful views over Mount's Bay, and there is an air of privacy and restfulness about it which will, I am sure, appeal to you. It is not so much an hotel as a very pleasant home.

J. D., Eastbourne.—Hotels in the Coventry area are hard come by, but I suggest you try the William and Mary, Stratford-on-Avon; it is not very large, but most comfortable, and situated in a pleasant part of Old Town.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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